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INSIDE!



# CRACKED

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MAZAGINE

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AND  
"STAR WARZ!"  
**POSTCARDS**  
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No. 155



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\***ROVER: AN INVISIBLE DOG**

# CRACKED

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

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Carefully detach complete cover at  
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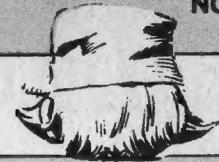
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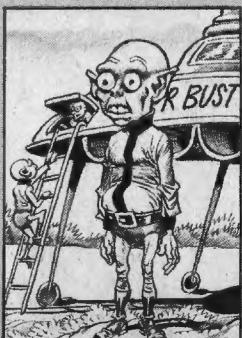
WHAT'S UP FRONT  
OUR COVER

Don't worry about the fin, Sylvester, it just happens to be attached to one of the biggest stars of the year. He's the shark from JAWZ II and if you read the story on page 6, you'll find he's a friend of all your favorite stars!!



WARNING  
THIS ROOM  
PROTECTED BY  
R.A.I.D.\*  
SECURITY  
SYSTEMS

\*Raid: An Invincible Dog



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# LETUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003



Dear CRACKED,  
As a lover of sharks, thanks so much  
for JAWS 2.

Milton Lewis  
Flagstaff, Arizona

Dear Milton,  
Don't mention it—and if you haven't  
gotten your fill yet (and who has),  
why not check out our special EVERY-  
THING YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO  
KNOW ABOUT SHARKS COLLECT-  
ORS' EDITION; on your newsstand  
now!



Dear CRACKED,  
Wow! Is it true? I just saw CRACKED  
bubble gum cards in the store!  
Frank Gruskoff  
Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Frank,  
It sure is. Each package gives you  
a stick of gum to chew plus 6 cards  
and a sticker to collect. Or, if you're  
weird, 6 cards to chew and a wad of  
gum to collect!



Dear CRACKED,  
Cloning: The Advantages and The  
Disadvantages was really funny.  
Cloning: The Advantages and The  
Disadvantages was really funny.  
Mark Lowell  
Mark Lowell  
Augusta, Ga.

Dear Mark and Mark,  
Our thanks to both of you.

Dear CRACKED,

I've been meaning to write to you for  
a long time, but have kept putting it off  
because I didn't know what to say.

Linda Sheridan  
Pierre, S. D.

Dear Linda,

We're so glad you got it straight-  
ened out!

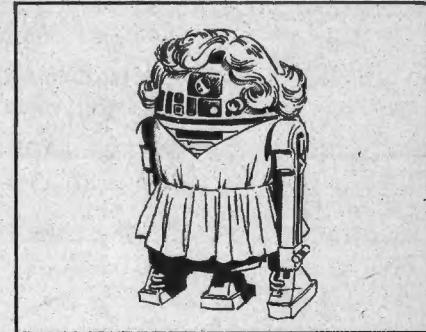
Dear CRACKED,

How come you never give straight  
answers to any of these letters?

David La Rango  
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear David,

Our secretary misplaced the office  
ruler.



Dear CRACKED,

Has any of the art in your magazine  
ever made it into one of America's  
great art museums?

David Berger  
St. Petersburg, Fl.

Dear David,

All the time. Why just last week a  
copy of CRACKED was found lying  
on the floor in New York's Metro-  
politan Museum of Art!

Dear CRACKED,

You know you're a skateboard freak  
when you read YOU KNOW YOU'RE  
A SKATEBOARD FREAK WHEN three  
times in a row.

Les Caldwell  
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Les,

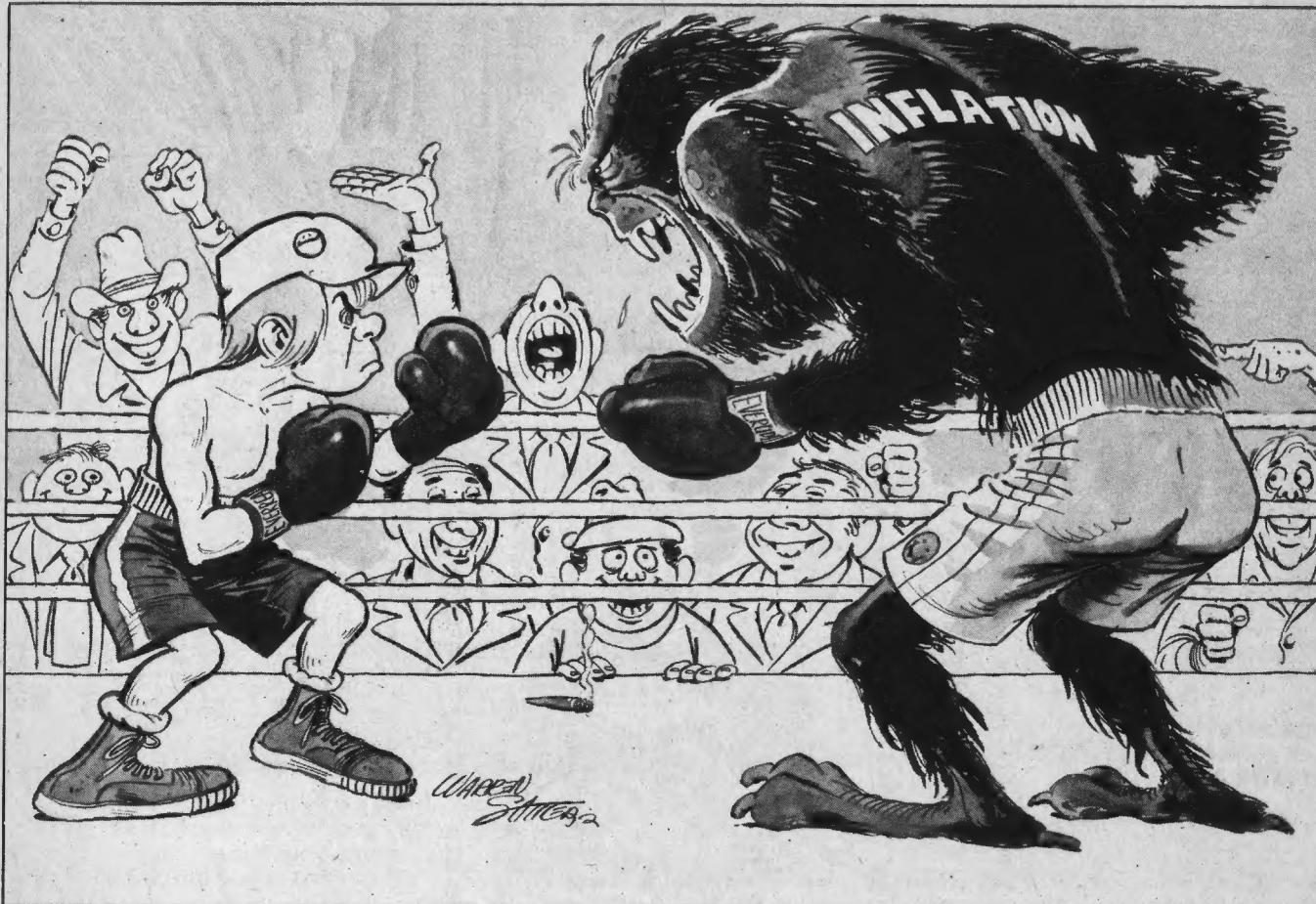
While on a skateboard, of course.

NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED # 156  
ON SALE AT YOUR  
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND  
SEPTEMBER 26TH



# HELP SYLVESTER FIGHT INFLATION !

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

I hate inflation too! Here's my four dollars. I get 9 issues at this bargain rate.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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Others: \* \$5.00 for 9 issues.

\*Canada and others outside the U.S.A. must pay with a check drawn on a U.S.A. bank or by International Money Order.

One Day In The  
Editorial Offices Of  
CRACKED Mazagine

Buzzby, look at this. CRACKED #155 is all set for the printer and we still don't have a lead article. An idea—we need an idea, Buzzby.

OK, how about this boss. Since sequels are so big these days, why don't we create



# THE GREATEST SEQUEL EVER MADE

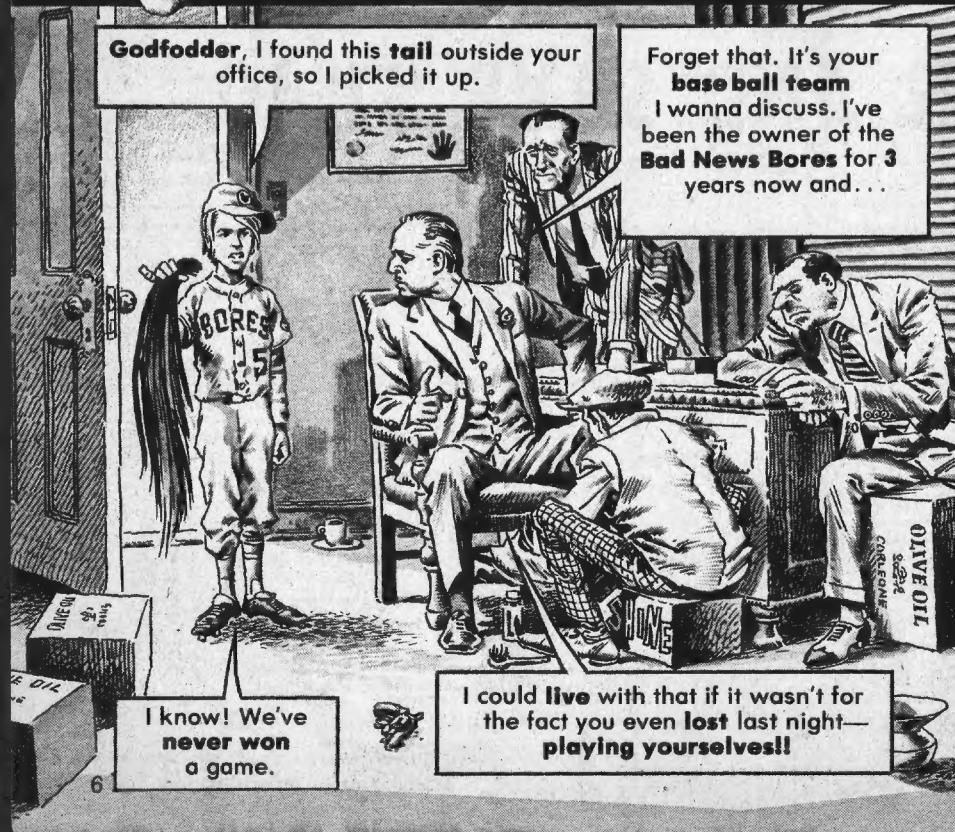


After the above title is flashed, we're ready to switch to the offices of the Godfodder where we pick up our tale.

Godfodder, I found this tall outside your office, so I picked it up.

Forget that. It's your baseball team I wanna discuss. I've been the owner of the Bad News Bories for 3 years now and...

There's only one solution—I'm hiring a new coach who'll re-vamp your entire team. Calamary—send him in!



SEVERIN

Ahhhhh! . . .

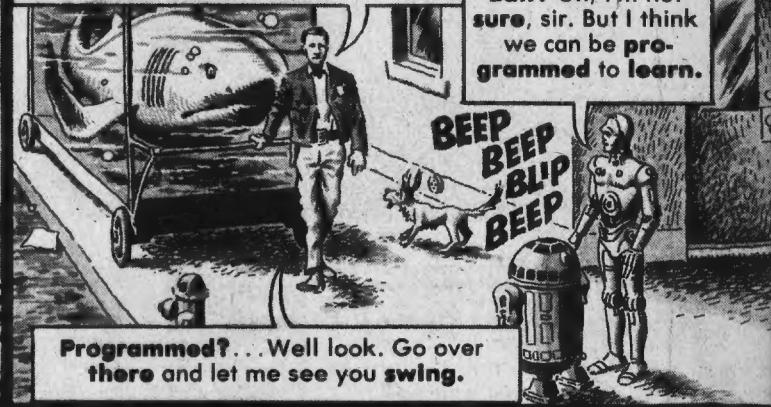
That . . . that's . . . Bruce, The Great White—your new mascot. I figure he can give our team the bite it needs. And running around next to him is your new coach—Sheriff Bromo.

And so Bromo and Bruce go about recruiting new members for the losing ball team.

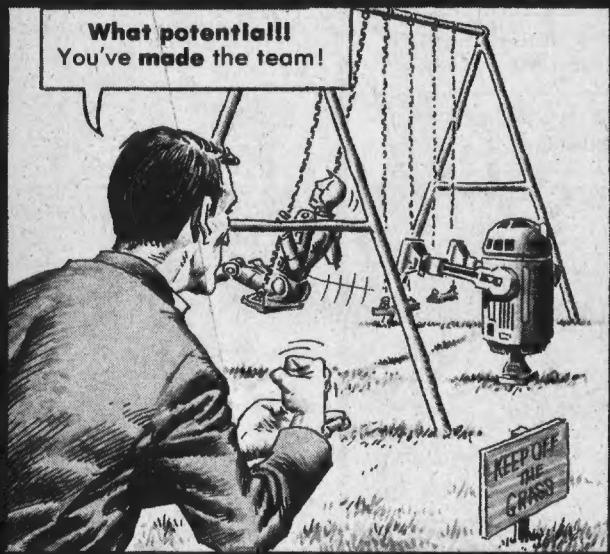


R2D2, you've done it again. We were supposed to go out to buy Master Skystalker his morning paper, but somehow you jetted us to another planet.

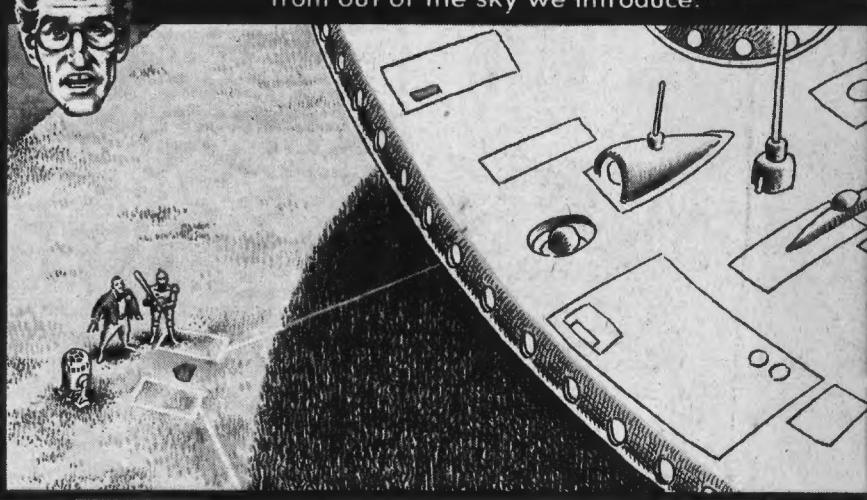
Hi there kids—I like your tin coats. You and your brother there know how to play ball?



Programmed? . . . Well look. Go over there and let me see you swing.



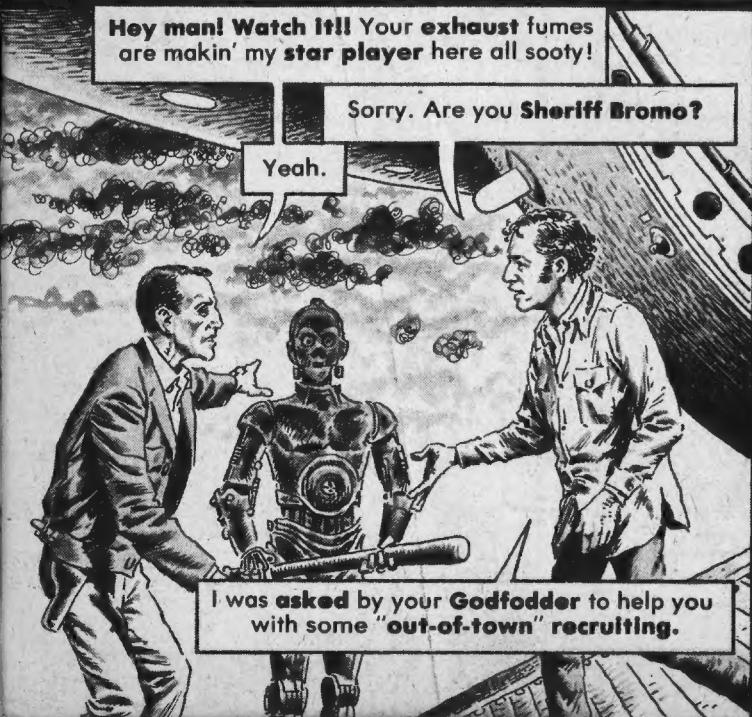
OK, we've got the readers hooked, so now, suddenly, from out of the sky we introduce.



Hey man! Watch it! Your exhaust fumes are makin' my star player here all sooty!

Sorry. Are you Sheriff Bromo?

Yeah.



Exactly what do you need?

Ball-players.

Yes, I know that, but what's the major weakness of your team?

Ballplaying.

Oh, I see. Let me just jot that down—most positions are open. . . All right, I'll see what I can do.



OK you guys! Now let's try some... **HEY! YOU, OVER THERE. GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR.**

Relax. I was only lookin' at your engine.

But you pulled it **out** from underneath my hood.

Yeah, well I **forgot** my glasses and was just movin' it closer so I don't strain ma eyes.

How'd you like to **spend** the next **63 years** in prison for loitering with the intent to steal my engine?

What position do you want me to **play**?

And as Royboy travels back, Sheriff Bromo has run across yet another prospective player whom he decides to test.

OK, the play's at second. Quick **Chewie, throw it. Throw it.**

Who are you anyway?

Oh, that greasy kid. You know how to use a baseball bat?

Dandy Zooko.

A little. I once beat up a gum machine with one.

Close enough. How'd you like to join my little league team?

I'm kinda **big**, ain't I?

Meanwhile on the planet **Scuppernong**.

Greetings, **Scuppernongians**. I return in peace.

Welcome back to our planet, Royboy. What have you come for this time?

Your son. I think he'd make an excellent fielder for my **Godfodder's little league team**.

Are you sure?

Quite.

Not the **base**, you clone—the ball. The ball.

Bruce, I just don't know what to do about this team. I...

I'll teach you. Take that—and that—and...

Hey, break it up. Break it up.

**WAK!**

I want **you** and **you** to stop this... wait a minute.  
That's a water fountain.

Yeah. It sprayed me in the eye, so I  
was beatin' it up.

I don't like violence.

Why, you got something **against**  
stringed instruments?

Not violins—violence!!

I don't see any  
girl scouts—just  
some blob.

Uh oh. **Somethin'** tells  
me he went a little  
overboard with his  
samplin'.

And so the **Bores** had a  
whole new team.

Oh tanks, Sheriff—and to  
show you my appreciation,  
I'm gonna talk my **buddy**  
into **signin'** up too. He's  
da guy standin' over dere  
by dose two **girl scouts**  
**samplin'** dere cookies.

which, at last was on  
its way to a winning season.  
Their fielding was exceptional.

And when it failed, other assets  
of the team were used.

And it's a slow **dribble-hit** down  
the **third base** line. The **Tiger's** #26  
is running to first—there's the  
throw—he slides...

SO LONG,  
SUCKER!

And he's **OUT**...as the **Bore's**  
first **baseman eats** him just  
seconds **before** touching the  
**bag**. What a play!!

Finally, the team wins the  
championship and is flown  
to Japan for the Little League  
World Series.

That was one **coffee**, an **oil malted**  
and a **dozen dead flies**.

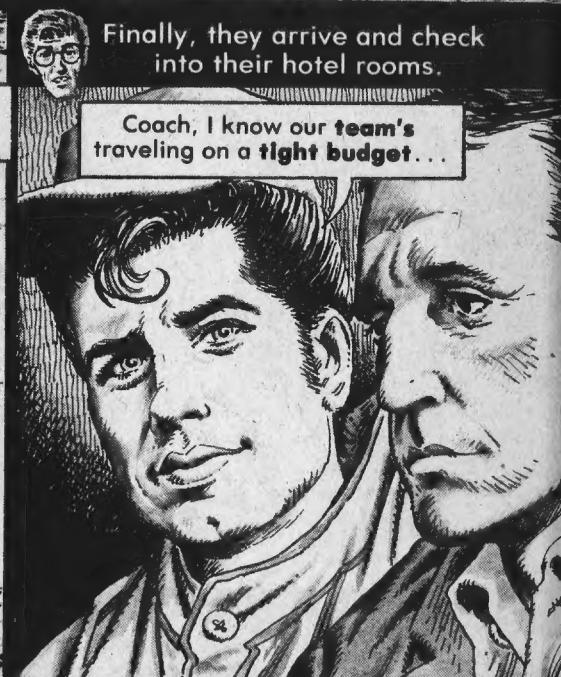
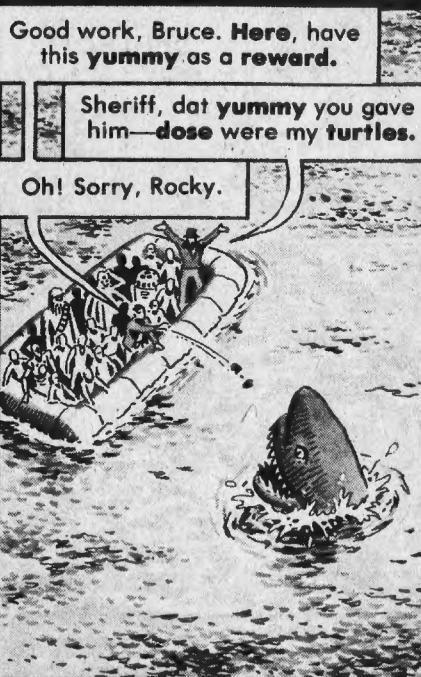
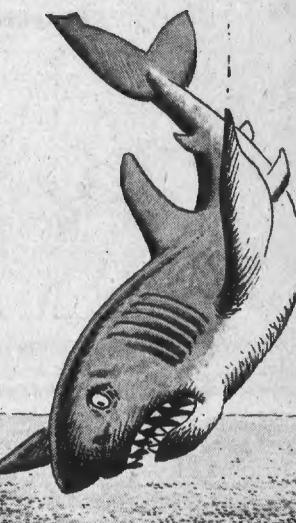




But before landing, catastrophe strikes.

Your attention please. A **mad bomber** has blown a hole in the rear of our aircraft at almost the **same moment** as our collision with a **Concord 747**. We are **losing altitude** and should be crashing into flames in about 5 seconds. Except for this **minor inconvenience**, we hope you've enjoyed flying **Crumbun Airlines** and, should you **survive**, we hope you'll fly with us again real soon.

Quick, Bruce. **Into the water.** You've got to **save the team**... We can't crash... **Godfodder** will be very **angry**—all of our team's uniforms are **rented**.



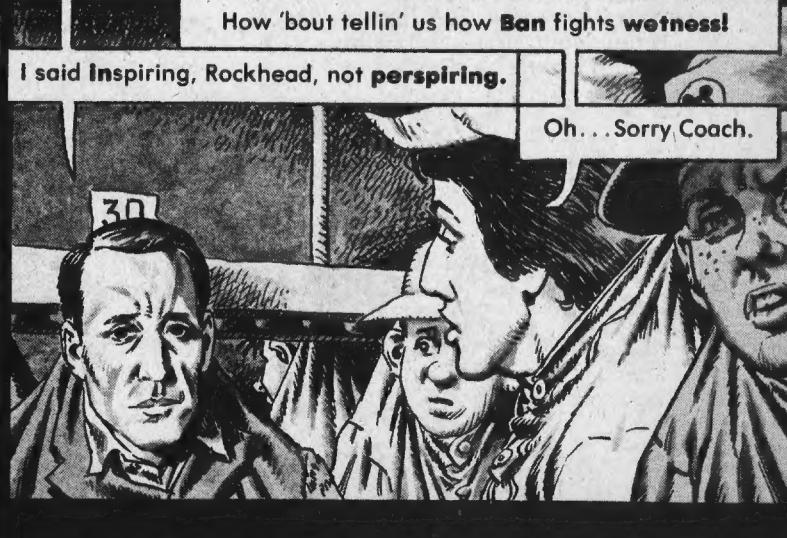
...but this room you got us is **ridiculous**.

**CROAK ROOM**

Men, today's the big game. I wish I had something **Inspiring** to say...



**Complain! Complain! Complain!**  
Your hook is **padded**, isn't it?



How 'bout tellin' us how **Ban** fights **wetness**!

I said **Inspiring**, Rockhead, not **perspiring**.

Oh... Sorry, Coach.

Now, let's get out there and...

**FIRE!**

Oh no. Sir, this 122-floor, luxury hotel has turned into a flaming inferno.

Bring those fire hoses down around here and—hey, it's you.

Well, hi there.

You designed the **last inferno** me and my men had to **put out**.

Sir, there's a **ball team** trapped in a coat room on the 111th floor.

Did you try getting them out?

I did sir, but I didn't have enough change to tip the check girl with.

What luck.

I'm afraid that the **ball team** is just gonna have to **burn**. We can't put the fire **out** and this time there's no **water tanks** on top of the building to save us.

Wait!! Would a **huge wind** be enough to smother those flames?

Good work, Kong.

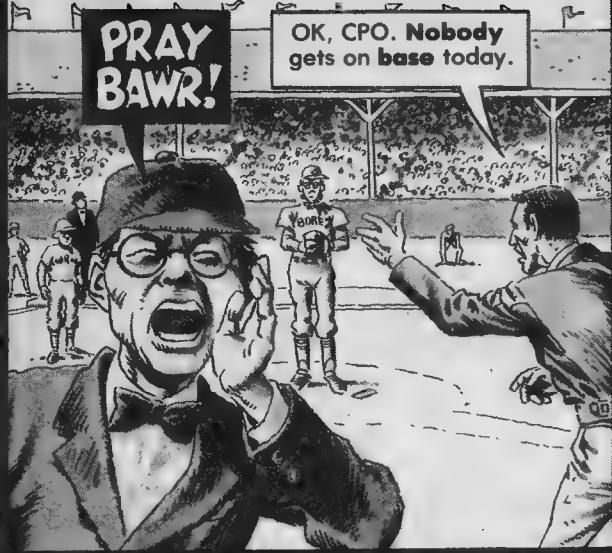
How'd you trick him into blowing the fire out without **eating** everyone **inside!**?

We told him it was his **birthday** and that was the **candle** on his **cake**.

That was a **close one**—and with only **11 minutes** to go before **game time**. Quick! Let's get over to that **stadium** so we can...

DOM





The game progresses until finally one out remains.

R2D2, the score's 5-0, there's 2 out and you're the winning run.

**BEEP BLIP BEEUP**

How do I figure that? Well, there's the talking blob on first, CPO on second, and three men on third.

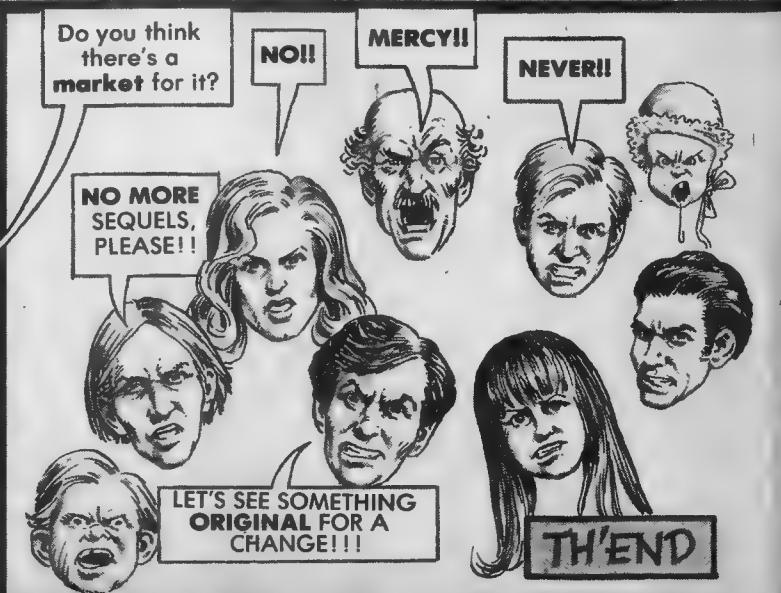
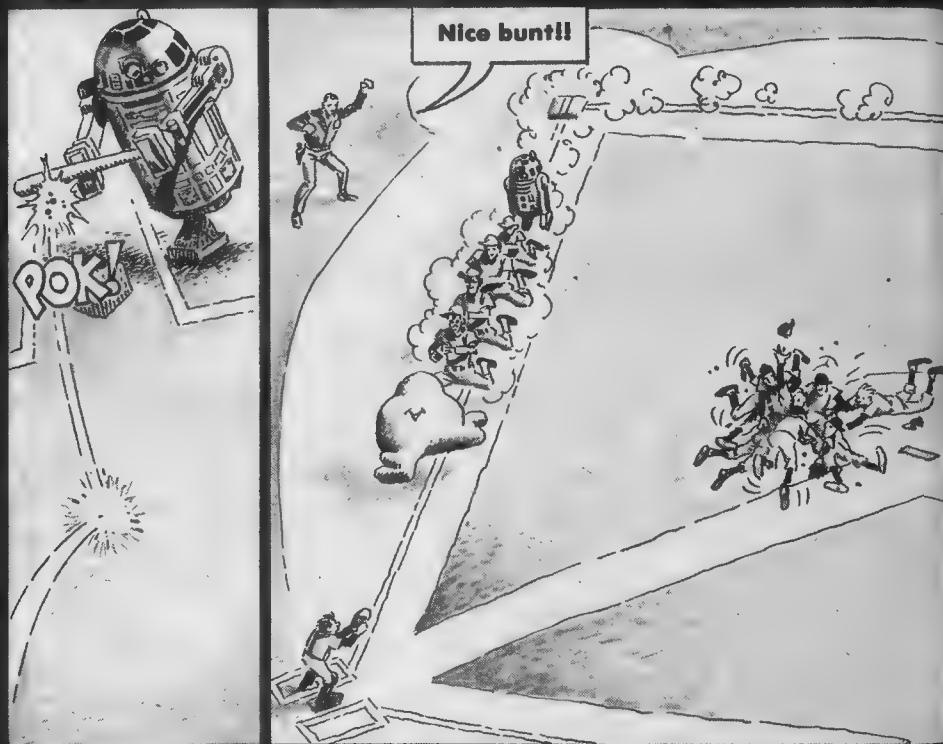
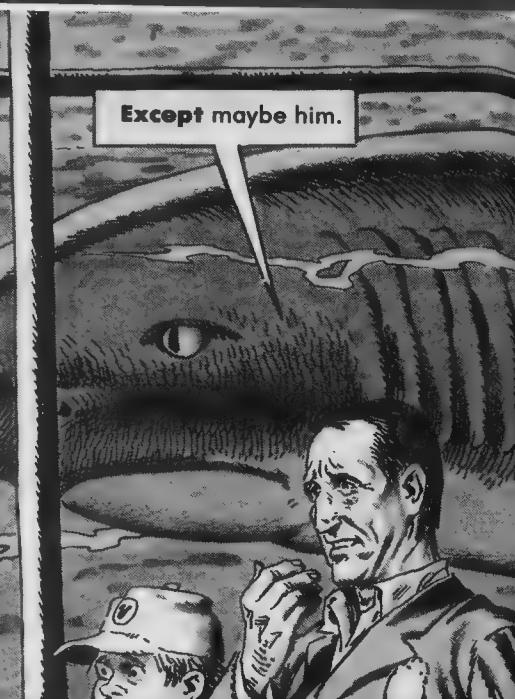
**BLIP BLIP BEEP BLIP**

Of course it's legal! —Anything is legal when it comes to creating a dramatic ending!



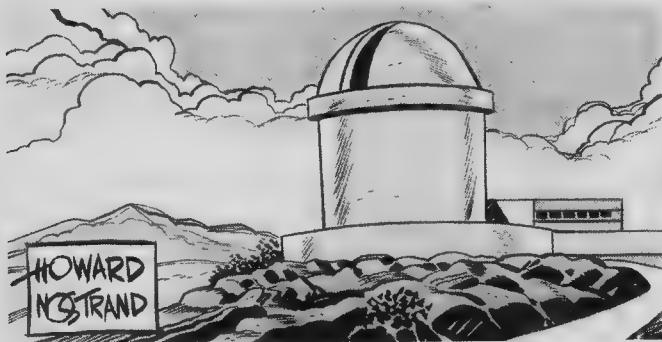
And as the team chants "We're No. 1," we flash "THE END" onto our last panel and fade to black. Well, what do you think?

Think? Why, Buzzby, it's great... sensational! In fact, I think it's so good—let's plan a sequel to it!



Because of movies such as Close Encounters and TV shows like Project UFO, there has been much in the news lately on whether or not these flying objects really exist. Well, recently THIS magazine (the one you're reading now, dummy) sent out a team of experts to look into the matter. And after endless questioning, picture-taking and torturing of witnesses (in research lasting well over 11 minutes) we put together our findings in one compact report entitled

# THE CRACKED INVESTIGATION OF THE UFO PHENOMENON

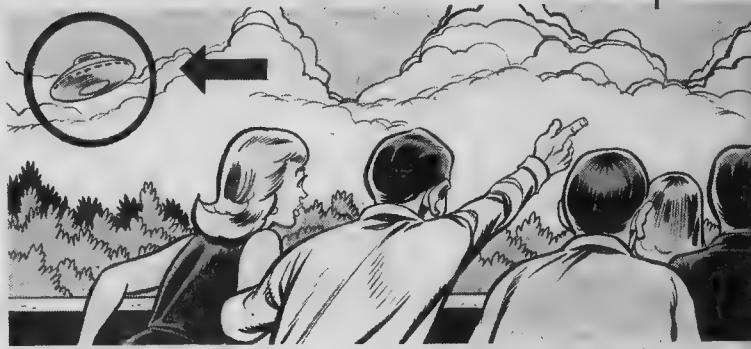


Our investigation began here at the Wakefield Planetarium where, since it's opening in 1970, over 200 UFO sightings have been reported **INSIDE** the building alone!

...followed later by an entire fleet of flashing, bright objects. (see photo below)



**OCTOBER 19, 1978:** Another sighting. According to N.Y.U. student, Steve Jackson, when he first spotted the above UFO, he had **barely** enough time to **run** back home, **get** his keys, **hop** in his car, **drive** to his dorm, **grab** his camera, **drive** back to the planetarium, and **snap** this photo virtually seconds before the last falling object **disappeared** behind a grove of trees.



**OCTOBER 16, 1978:** The first UFO to be sighted **outside** the planetarium! High atop the observatory deck, U.C.L.A. astronomy students stared in amazement at a passing UFO...

In a public interview, Sheriff Mel Kayway simply shrugged them off as being a flock of **flashlight-wielding geese** flying south for the winter.



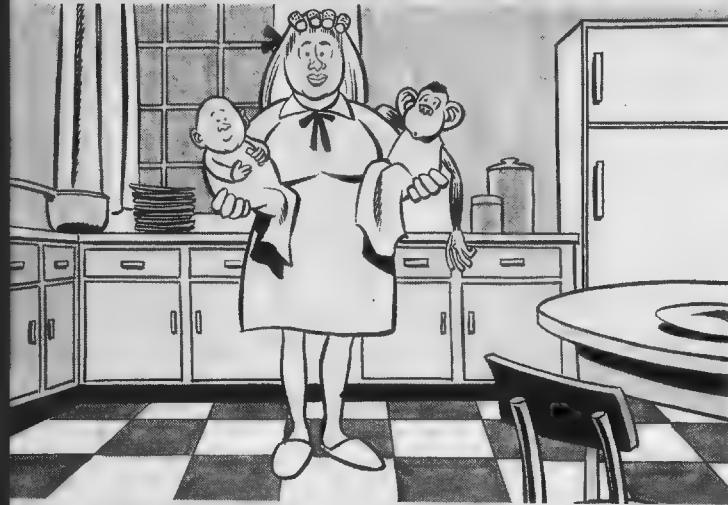
On the same night in another location, **Mickey Mental**, recently released from the Newark Institution for the Hopelessly Insane, said he was there when the falling saucer landed and that an unearthly being was at the controls. Even during a polygraph test, Mental **still** claimed he could see the little green-eyed creature—despite being blindfolded.



After investigating the case, immigration official, Emma Grant was positive that the green-eyed creature which Mental had seen was an **out-of-towner**... perhaps even from another solar system. Or, as Mental put it, an **"illegal alien."**



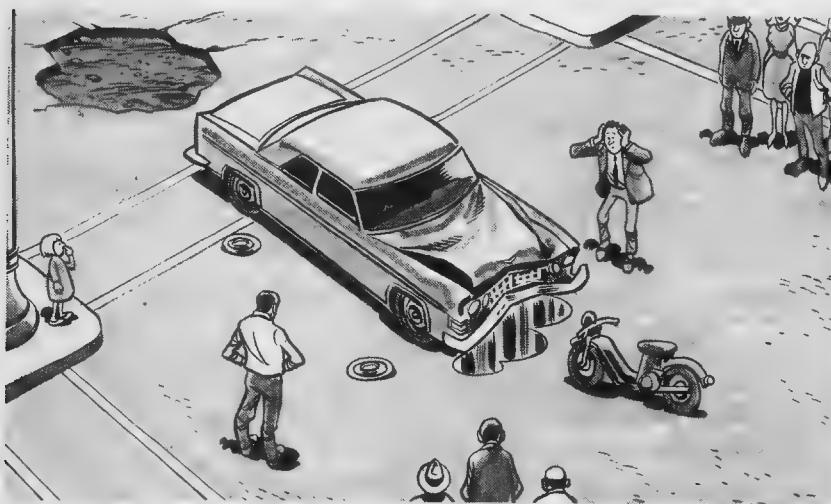
# MERE COINCIDENCE?



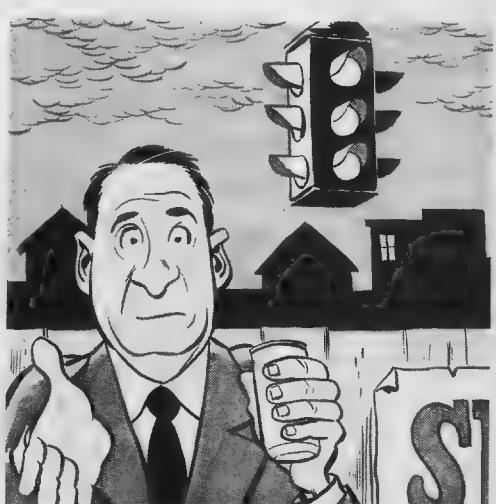
Meanwhile, in still another part of town, while Mickey Mental was having his alleged Martian encounter, Mrs. Mental was giving birth to a pair of **baby boys**... even though she had not been pregnant! Were the children a coincidence—or just figments of everyone's imagination??



Several days later, Dr. Sanford of M.I.T. examined x-rays of a humanoid head found in the same swamp where Mental had spotted the three-eyed creature. Said Dr. Sanford, "This is unlike **any** human skull I have **ever** seen. It **had** to come from **another** planet."



Another strange occurrence on the night of Mental's alien confrontation was this collision that occurred at an intersection one-half mile away.



One of the drivers in the wreck, **Mack Truk**, claimed that upon entering the intersection, he was distracted by a red, green and yellow flashing light in the sky.

Although most UFO landing sites are discovered in remote areas, Air Force officials can find no logical explanation for this huge depression found close behind Mr. Truk's damaged Cadillac. The **Incredible depth** of the crater indicates it could **not** have been caused by the two colliding vehicles.



In addition, lying only inches from the front wheel of the first car, Air Force investigators found a **metallic object**, part of what they believe to be the **remains** of the **saucer** which made the unexplained crater.

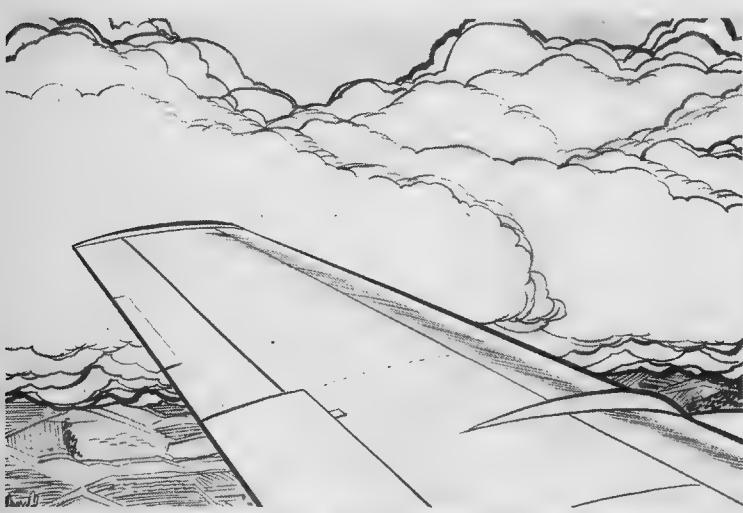




And in still a fourth part of town on that same fateful night, Foster Walker was strolling down a Manhattan alley between 2 high-rise parking garages when he snapped this incredible photo.



Several witnesses, including Walker, say they saw a **strange man emerge** from the grounded vehicle on the roof of one of the buildings. After months of studies, a UFO investigative team disclosed that the man has **no home, no family, no military record**, and in fact, **no birth record**. For this reason **many** of his fellow employees at Bernie's Garage have **serious doubts** as to whether he **actually exists**.

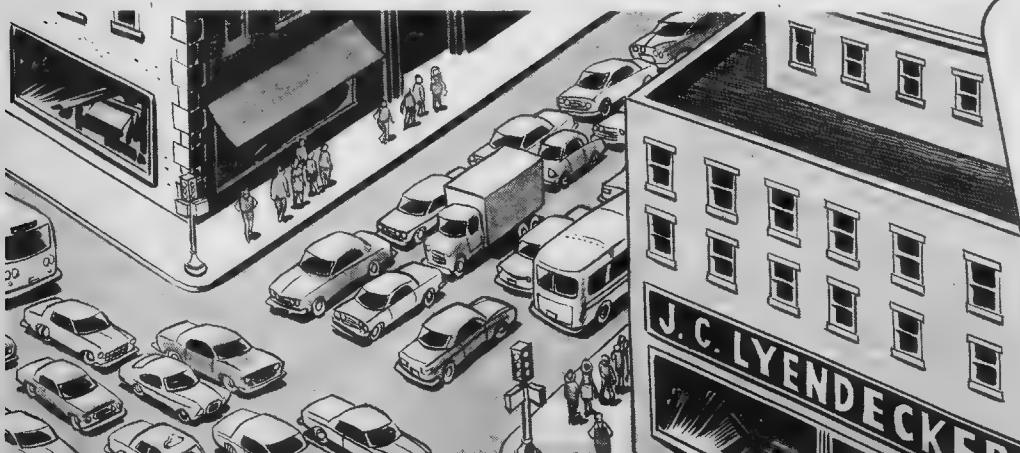


**OCTOBER 16, 1978:** Amateur photographer Camera-on Mitchell took this picture while sunning himself on the wing of a 747 during a recent flight to Miami. The unusual shot was taken just **seconds** after a disc-shaped aircraft passed **out of the range** of his viewfinder.



At first Mitchell (above) was hesitant to bring the photo to proper authorities for **fear of public ridicule** (and understandably so, as Mitchell is certainly **no ace** with the camera.)

During the same flight, Mitchell also shot this aerial photograph of New York City at the time of the reported UFO landing. At that **precise** moment (as photo clearly shows) traffic throughout the metropolitan area was at a **complete standstill**. Was this the result of a UFO—or did it have something to do with the fact that rush hour traffic is **always** like that in New York?



**CONCLUSIONS:**  
After studying all of the evidence presented here, our CRACKED team of experts has come up with the following conclusion: "The price of paper for these reports is outrageous!"

# THE CRACKED

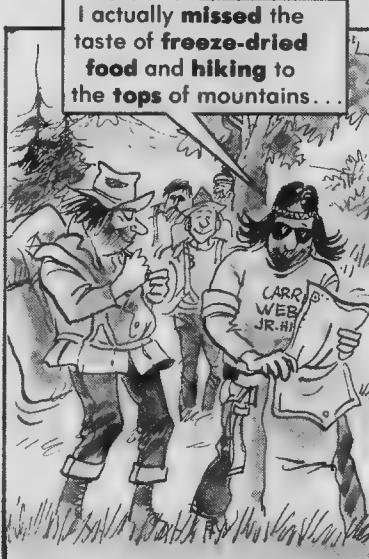
Well, this is it.  
Your first day of camp!

You be sure and  
take care of  
yourself.

It's great being  
out in the woods  
backpacking again.

I actually missed the  
taste of freeze-dried  
food and hiking to  
the tops of mountains...

And not shaving or  
washing for a week!  
What a life!... Could  
you hand me that stake?



And if  
it rains,  
wear your  
slicker.

And if it stops raining,  
take it off so you  
don't sweat and rot  
the rubber!

For once, Harry came  
with us to the beach  
and little Petie is  
so thrilled.

It is. In fact, right now Harry  
is letting little Petie bury  
him in the sand—oh, I bet  
he remembers this day for a  
long time to come.

Well, it's good for  
fathers and sons  
to do things  
together.



And do what your counselor  
tells you.

And son, if you  
remember, how 'bout  
writing us.

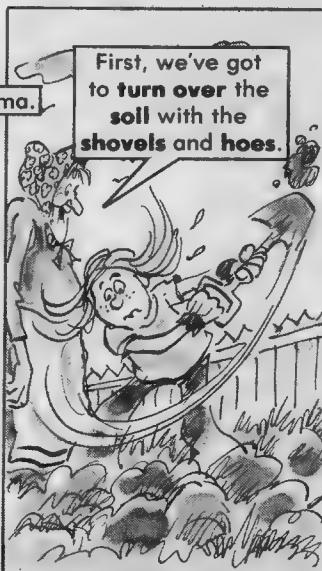
Do I have  
to dad?

This summer,  
Eileen, you can  
help me with  
the garden.

Sure Grandma.

First, we've got  
to turn over the  
soil with the  
shovels and hoes.

And then we  
pluck out all  
the weeds.



# WORLD OF SUMMER

I hope you don't mind me inviting those three other guys along.

Well, to be honest...

U.S. ARMY SURPLUS

Russ and Gary seem to fit right in—the rough, unshaven mountaineer type. But that guy Marvin...

Somehow I think he's more of a city slicker than an outdoorsman.

Guys, do you have time to polish my shoes before dinner?

Ma, remember how you were saying last night that I was shirking my responsibilities just because it was summer...

...and how I had been ignoring my chores—like watering the lawn.

Yes, I recall that.

Looks like it's going to be another Watergate summer.

What's a Watergate summer?

Full of bugs!

Well, you won't have to worry about the lawn being thirsty again.

Why's that?

And I'll plant the seeds while you fill the wheelbarrow with fertilizer.

So how are we doing?

Just wonderful! Eileen and I have everything totally under control.

Terrific. What are the two of you growing this year?

Extremely tired!

The pool just broke.

All right ladies and gentlemen. The tour bus will be stopping at the **Washington Monument** for 81 minutes. Feel free to look around ... climb to the top...



And now we're approaching **New York City**. Tonight we'll be having **dinner**, seeing a **show**, going to a **night club** and then **catching a late movie** before leaving for **Boston** at 6 A.M.



This summer, **Debbie**, you're getting into **shape** instead of lying around this pool all day long.

But I like **sunbathing**. It gives me an even tan and makes me look good.

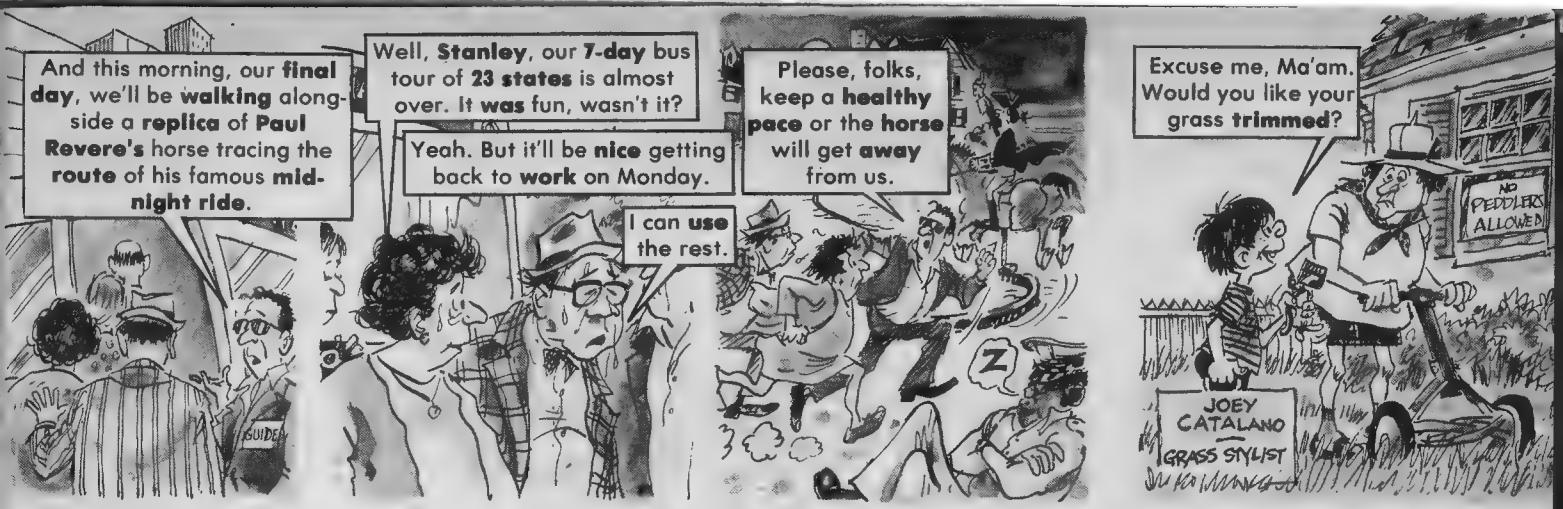
Yes, but looking good and feeling good are two different things.

Now I don't expect you to get out **everyday** like I do, but there's gotta be **some sport** you can **enjoy** once or twice a week.

What about **tennis**?

All my **outfits** clash with the **colors** of the court.





# YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN A

...the ballpoint pens aren't chained to the desks, but the tellers are!



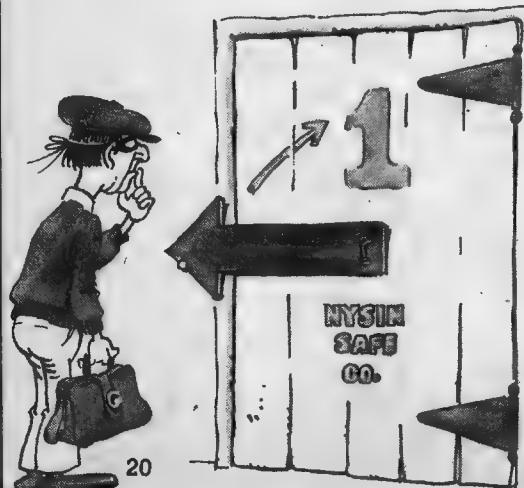
...the bank president always keeps a car running in the back alley!



...the banks armored car doubles as a fresh fruit stand!



...the combination to the safe is one number!



...printed on the outside of every safety deposit box are the words "Thom McCann 8½ Triple E."



...the coins are rolled up in old socks!



...the banks pays interest from "day of deposit to day of embezzlement!"



# TACKY BANK WHEN...

...the hidden security camera is a Kodak Instamatic!



...the bank can't break a twenty!



...the bank guard's gun leaks water!



...the bank's only records are the soundtrack to Star Wars and Vic Damone, Live at the Copacabana!



...you ask for change of a ten and get back two fours and a three!



...you ask for a student loan and two days later they loan you one!



...the tellers wear masks to conceal their identity!



CRAKED is returning a pound cake to the store because it weighs less than a pound!

With TV writers always looking for new blood for the boob, we might one day see a Dracula-inspired situation comedy—**ALL IN THE BELFRY.**



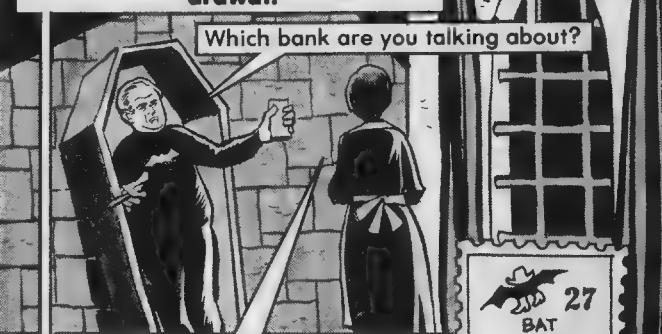
Do you suffer from iron deficiency anemia? Do you have tired blood? If your answer is yes... it could be due to the fact that Dracula is all over town lately. The old no account, Count has returned in plays, movies and TV dramas with a fatal attraction for a whole new generation. Everyone is going batty over the lusty old vampire. And if this fascination with the not so dear departed continues, CRACKED predicts that Dracula will be draining even more profits from the cultural scene. Where will it all lead us to? You'll soon find out as

# CRACKED PUTS THE BITE ON DRACULA

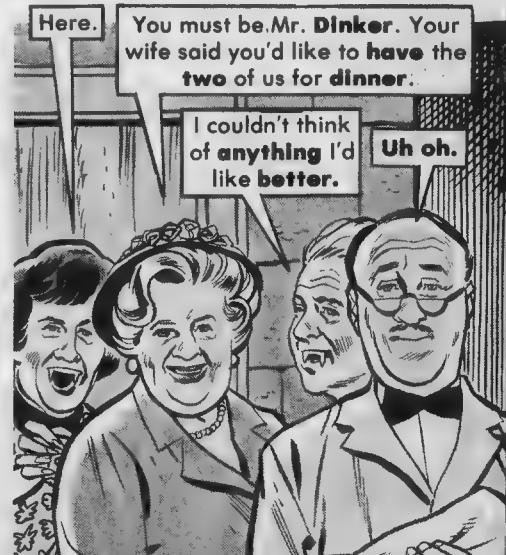
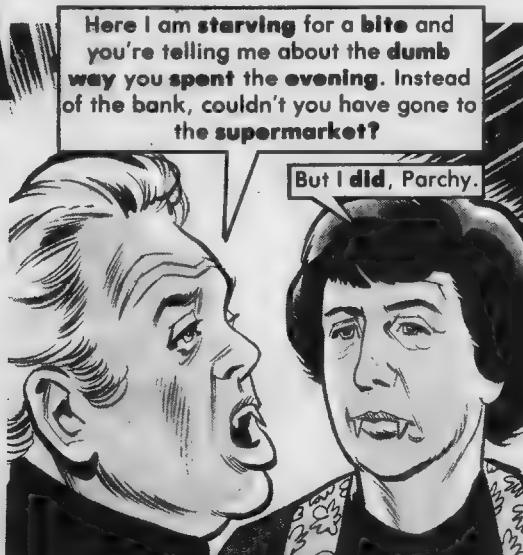


What did you do with yourself all night while I was working in the plasma factory?

I had lunch with Bella Lou Gosey, remember her? And then I went to the bank to see if I could make a withdrawal.



The Gnash-a-nal Bank of Transylvania. If you open a new account they give you a record album by "Blood, Sweat and Blood."



And also on the horizon are vampire-inspired comedians.



And let's not overlook these vampire-inspired albums that may soon be flying up the charts.

**Linda Ronstdead**

“It May Be Blue Bayou, But It’s Red By Me.”

Including the hit songs, “I Don’t Want To Stalk Without You, Baby.” and “Love In Vein.”

**THE UNGRATEFUL DEAD** featuring

“Three Cheers For The Dead, White And Blue”

Also featuring, “I Love You A Bushel And A Neck”

“Nobody Bites It Better”

(From “The Spy Who Bit Me”)

Against disco fever!

the lyrics of the words!

The Original Movie Sound Track

# SATURDAY FLIGHT FEVER



Featuring the hit song that  
took Transylvania by storm,  
**"Flight Fever"**  
by the Bat Gees.

Also includes:

**"How Deep  
Is Your Blood"**

**"Stayin' Alive"**  
(after you're dead)

# Deathrow Full



**"Till The Night Comes"**  
**"Fangs For The Memory"**  
**"Ghoul Of My Dreams"**  
**"Once Too Coffin"**

And these famous vampire sayings will soon be sweeping the nation.

"There's a sucker  
born every minute!"



"I'd rather bite  
than be President!"



**Blood is thicker  
than Coca-Cola!**

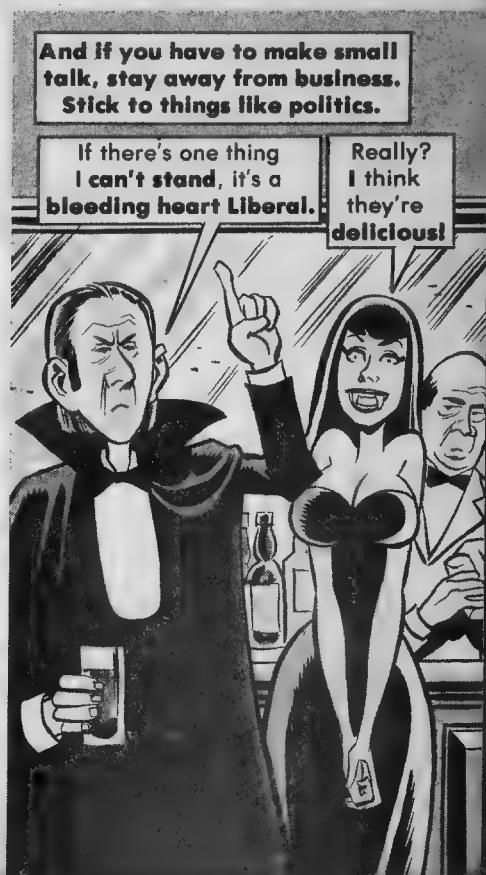
Are you kidding?  
There are no vampires.

Watch it, kid.  
I'm the real thing.





And finally, with vampires and vampilettes very much in Vogue (also in Red Book and Harper's Bizarre,) it won't be long before everyone will want to get into the act. How? Just remember these three things.



Well, summer is back with us again and the odds of you turning nice and brown are probably tan to one. It's also the time of year when people get together and eat outside and do all the off-the-wall things you'll

# A CRACKED LOOK AT A

The van is here with the heated hors d'oeuvres.

What kind of van transports hot foods?

An "o" van!

Hey, wait!  
This is croquet.  
You can't use  
that duck to  
hit the ball!

Why not?  
It's a mallard!

How com  
keeps each  
p

For  
He

SMV

Yes, there's nothing  
like a barbecue—  
that great charcoal  
taste. How'd you  
like your spaghetti, Al?

And with the price of meat,  
Harold said we're just  
gonna have to start  
boycotting again.

So what's your husband  
barbecuing for us?

Spaghetti!

TONIC  
SODA  
BONZONI  
SPAGHETTI

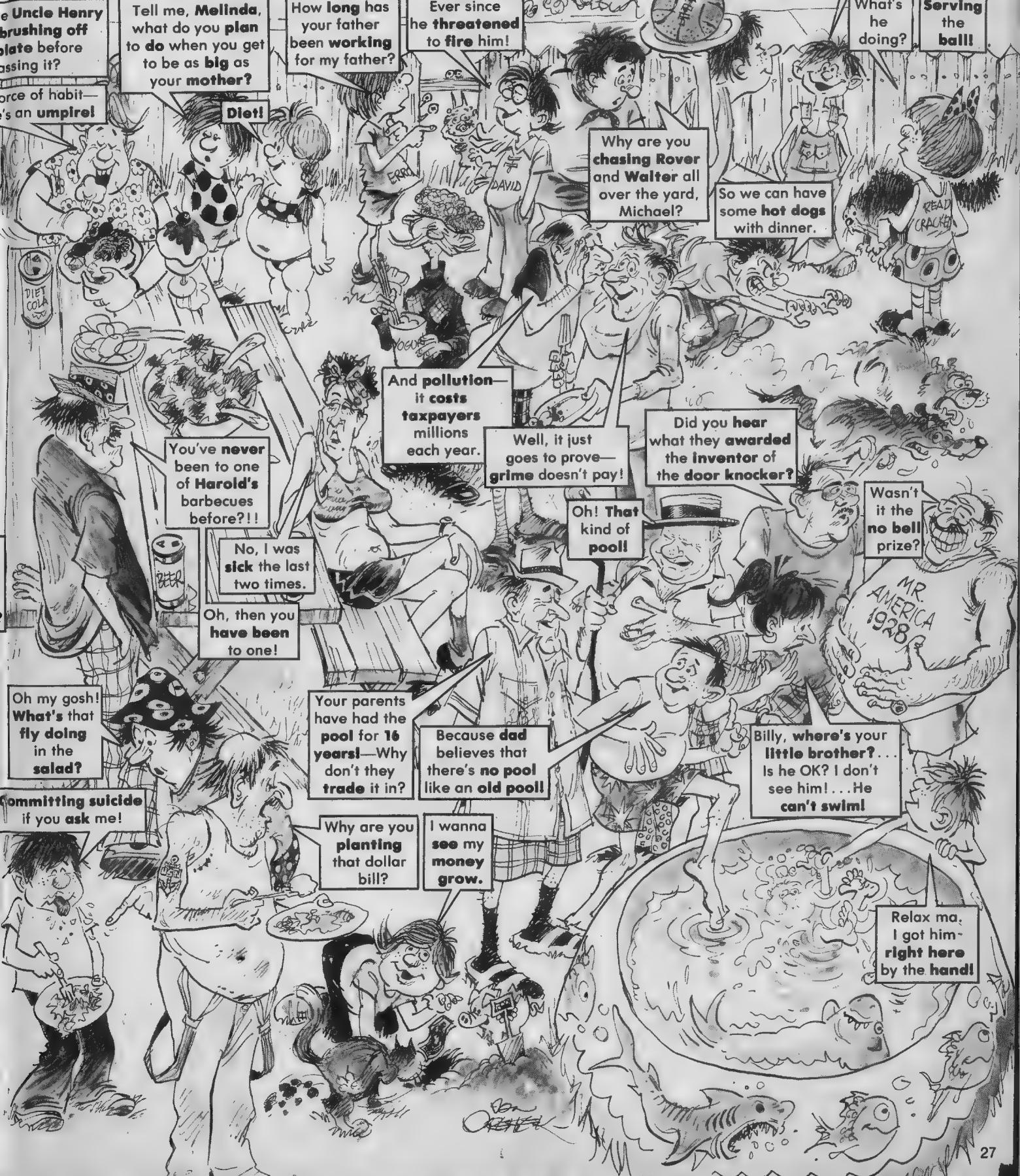
How 'bout served  
inside a thick,  
juicy hamburger!

Of course, summer is more than just Coppertone and the beach.

Find them doing here, as we take

# BACKYARD BARBECUE

That Joey  
is such a kidder—  
even while  
playing  
volleyball.



**First came super rats who developed an immunity to poisons. And one day other unwanted pests could develop similar defense mechanisms. Up until now mankind has been winning the war against pests, but all this may soon change when...**

**VER**

**SINCE THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION, MOUSE TRAPS HAVE BEEN CLOBBERING MICE.**



*Warren Stiller*

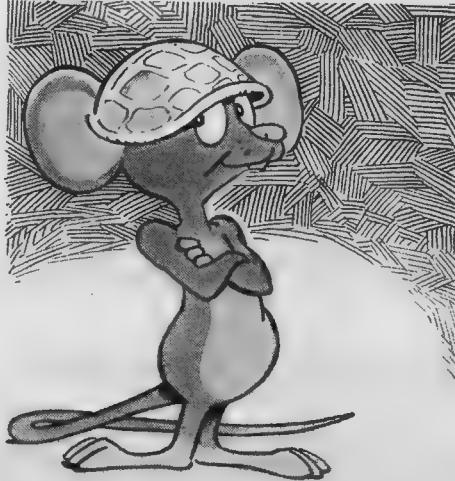
**SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, MEN HAVE BEEN SLAPPING MOSQUITOES.**



**TO GET RID OF TERMITES, MODERN MAN FUMIGATES.**



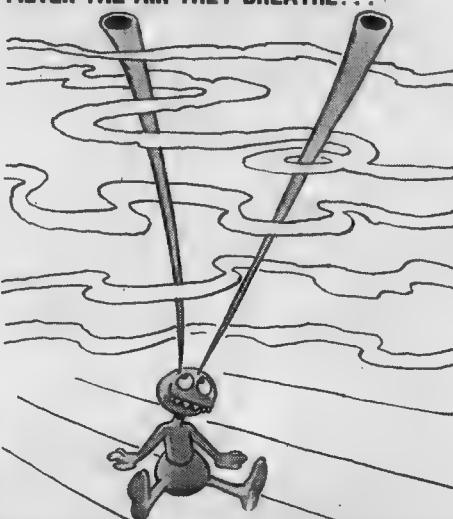
**BY THE YEAR 2000, MICE MIGHT DEVELOP AN EXTRA LAYER OF BONE ON THEIR HEADS SIMILAR TO TURTLE SHELLS...**



**FUTURE MOSQUITOES WILL PROBABLY DEVELOP EXTRA LONG FLEXIBLE SNUOUTS...**



**BUT SOMEDAY, TERMITES MIGHT DEVELOP HOLLOW ANTENNAS ON THEIR HEADS, LIKE SNORKELS, WHICH WILL FILTER THE AIR THEY BREATHE...**



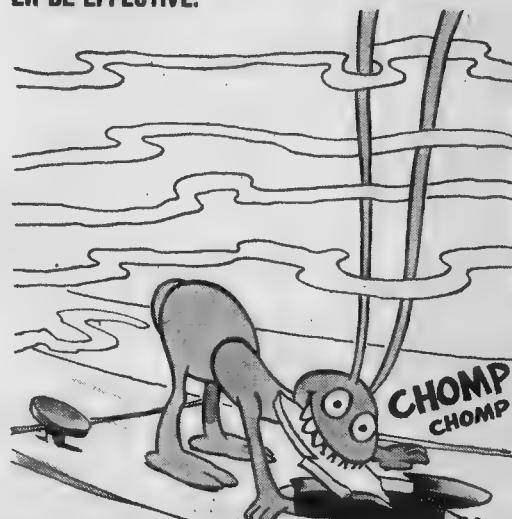
**...THAT WAY WHEN A MOUSE TRAP CLOBBERS THEM, THEY WON'T FEEL A THING.**



**...ALLOWING THEM TO BITE PEOPLE WITHOUT GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH TO BE SLAPPED.**



**...THEN FUMIGATION WILL NO LONGER BE EFFECTIVE.**



# MIN FIGHT BACK

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, FLIES HAVE BEEN GETTING STUCK ON FLY-PAPER.



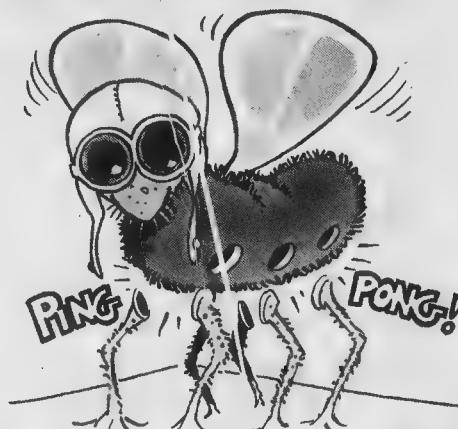
FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN STEPPING ON ANTS ACCIDENTALLY AND SQUASHING THEM.



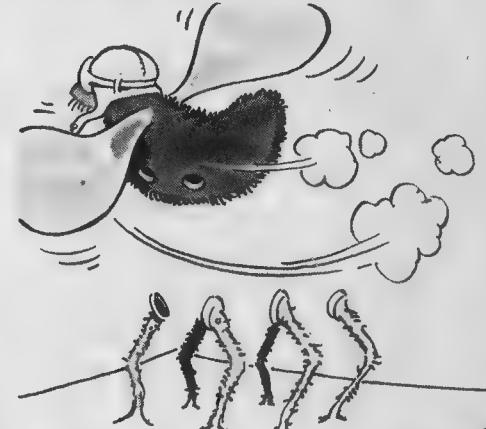
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SWATTING MOTHS FOR CENTURIES.



HOWEVER, IN THE NEAR FUTURE, FLIES MAY DEVELOP DETACHABLE LANDING GEAR THAT GROW BACK...



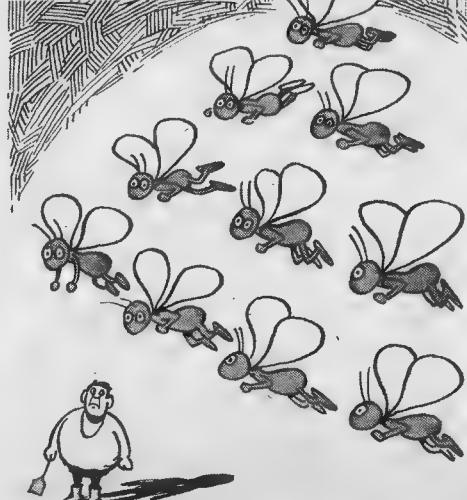
...THEN, WHEN CAUGHT, THEY'LL SIMPLY LIFT OFF AND ESCAPE.



MODERN ANTS WILL HAVE THE STRENGTH TO LIFT OBJECTS MANY TIMES THEIR OWN WEIGHT AND SIZE. OVER MANY GENERATIONS, FUTURE ANTS MAY CONTINUE TO INCREASE IN SIZE...



BUT MOTHS OF THE SPACE-AGE GENERATION COULD LEARN TO FLY IN FORMATION AND USE EVASIVE TACTICS LIKE FIGHTER PILOTS...



...UNTIL THEY HAVE THE STRENGTH TO SUPPORT THE WEIGHT OF HUMAN BEINGS STANDING ON THEIR BACKS.



...MAKING SWATTING PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.



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WHILE THEY LAST!

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CHAOS LATER!

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NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

Please send  
me the Annuals  
I have checked  
Enclosed is  
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which includes  
the total price  
of my selections  
PLUS 40¢ mailing  
and handling  
charge for each  
selection.

GIANT CRACKED #9... 75¢  
GIANT CRACKED #12... \$1.00  
GIANT CRACKED (JANUARY 1978)... \$1.00  
GIANT CRACKED (MARCH 1978)... \$1.00  
GIANT CRACKED (MAY 1978)... \$1.00  
KING-SIZED CRACKED #10... \$1.00  
KING-SIZED CRACKED #11... \$1.00  
SUPER CRACKED #9... \$1.00  
SUPER CRACKED #10... \$1.00  
BIGGEST GREATEST CRACKED #11... \$1.00  
BIGGEST GREATEST CRACKED #12... \$1.00  
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CRACKED'S BIG PICTURES... 50¢  
CRACKED GOES TO THE MOVIES... 60¢  
CRACKED VISITS OUTER SPACE... 60¢

NAME .....

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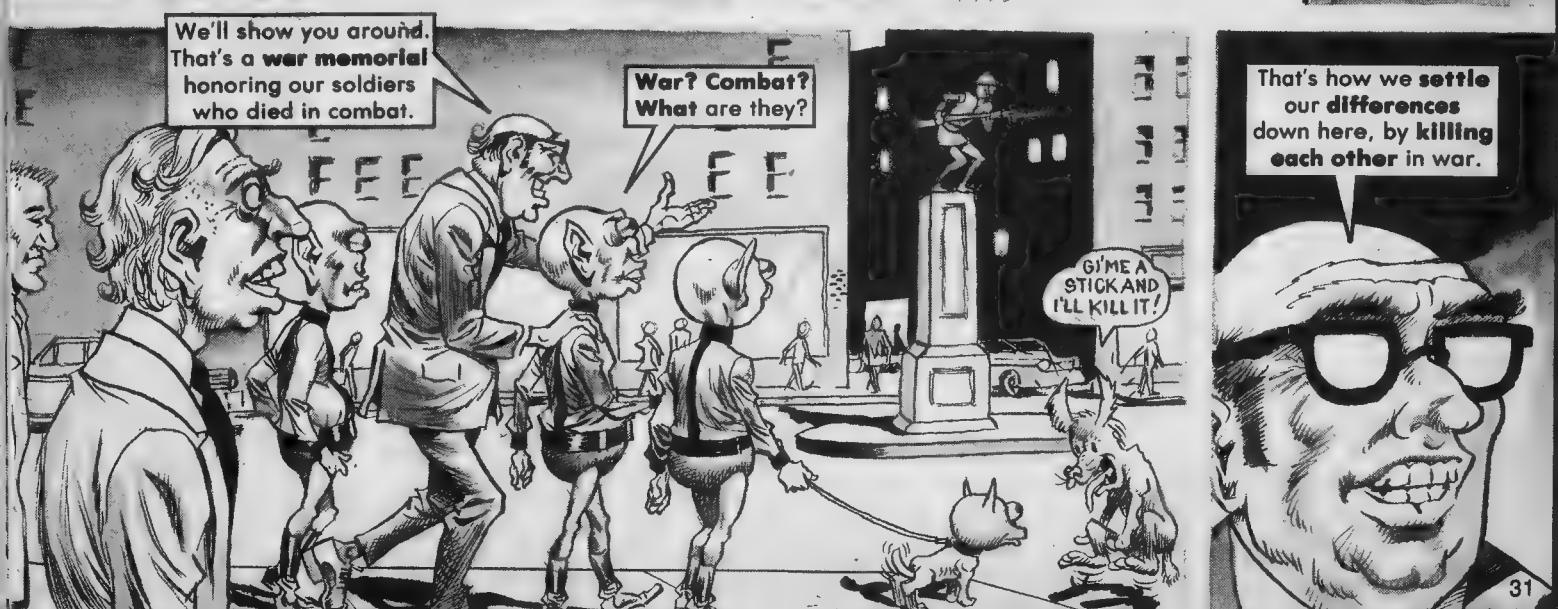
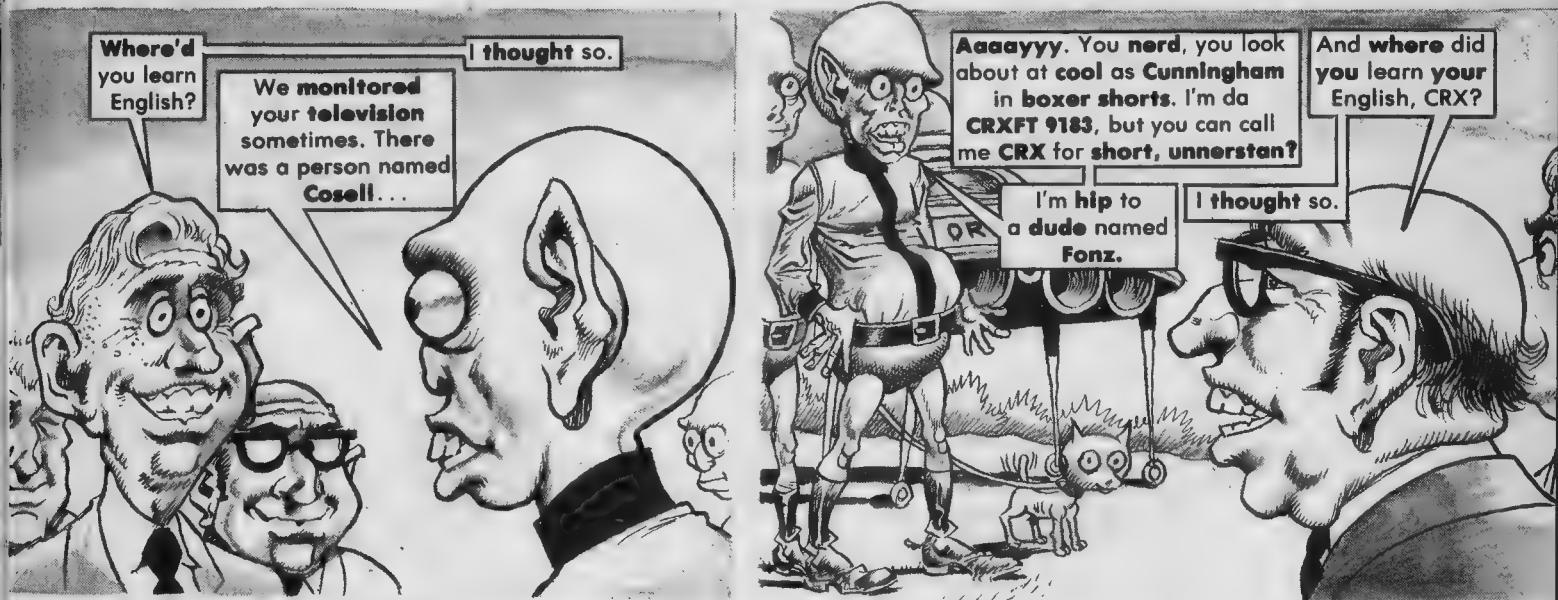
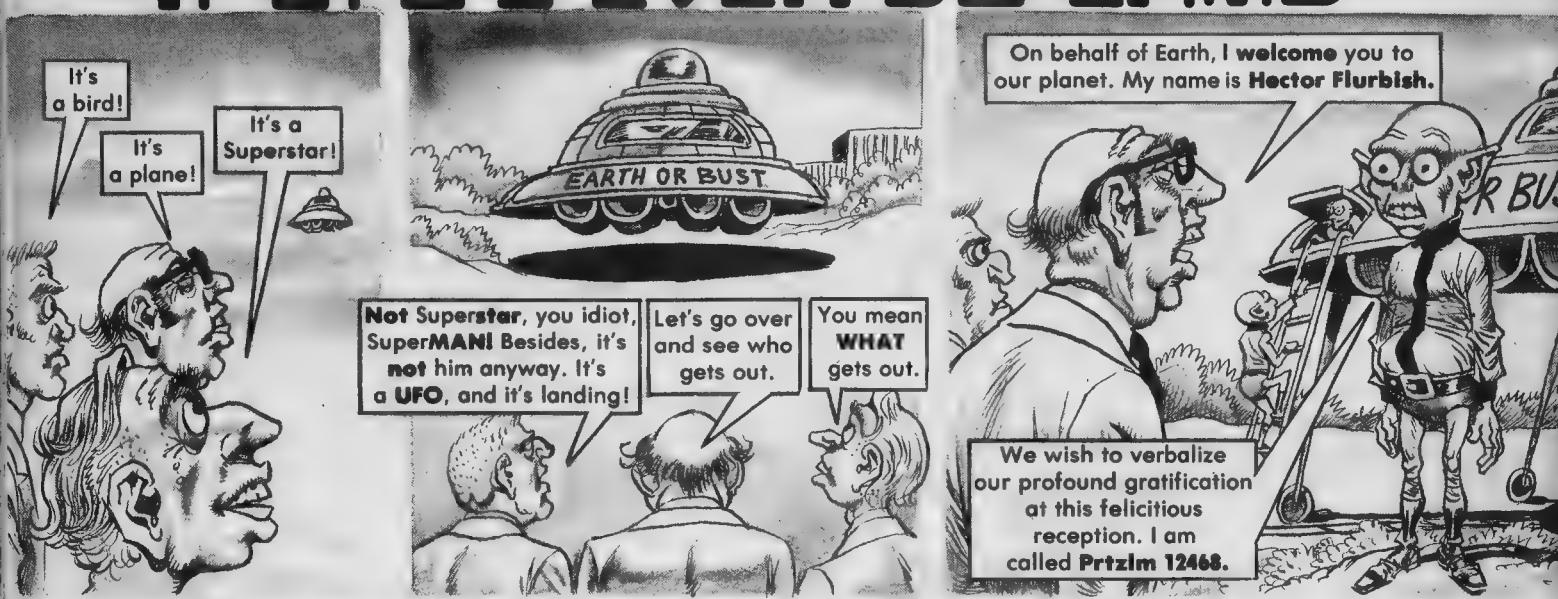
CITY..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

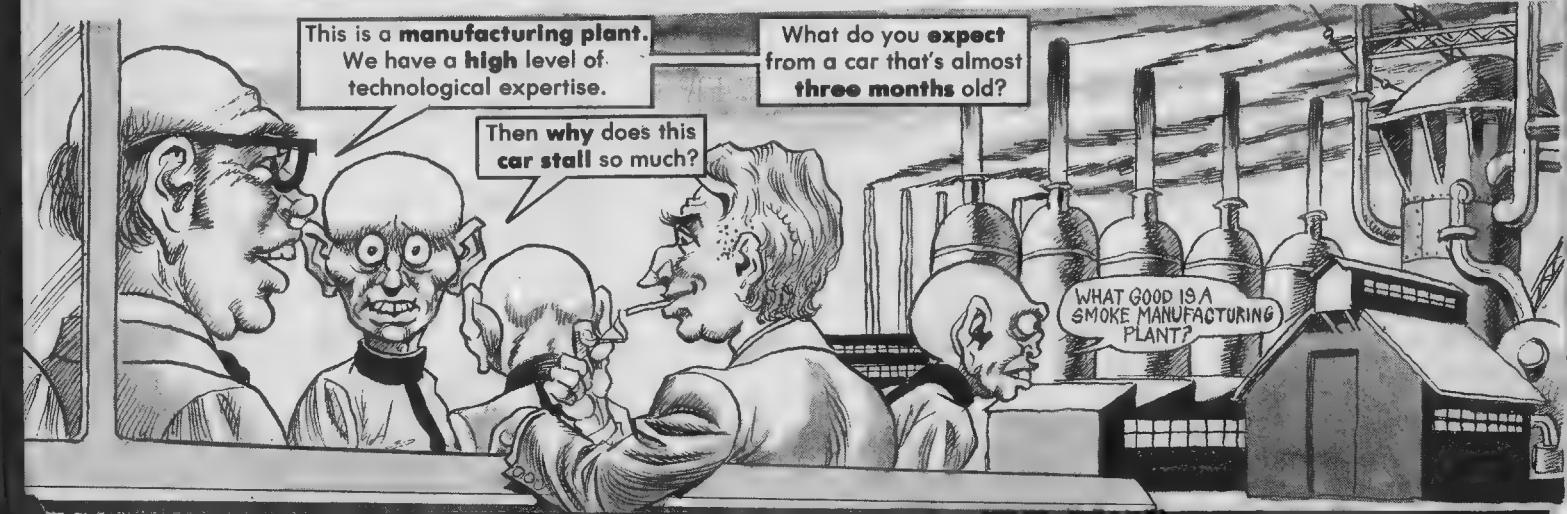
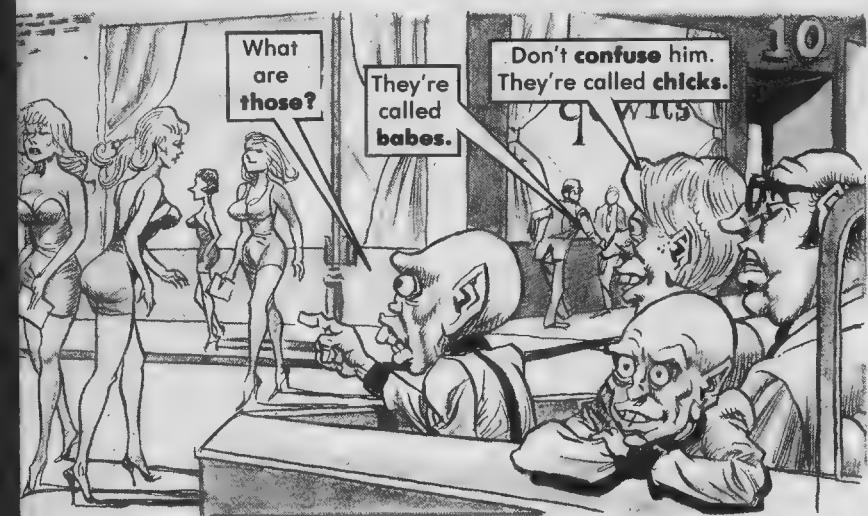
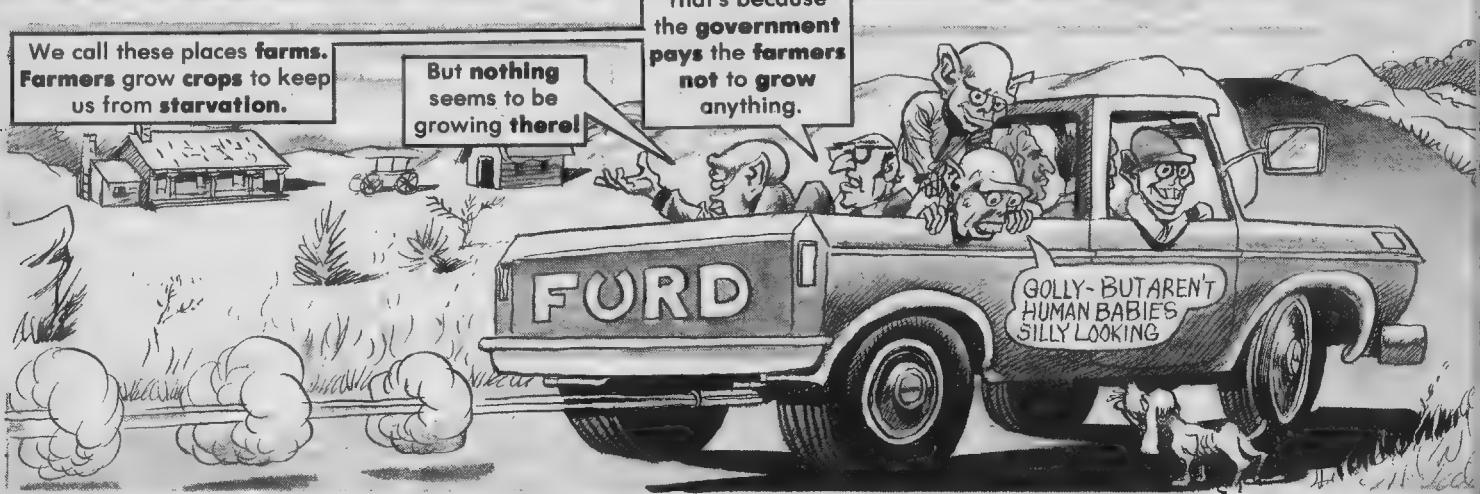
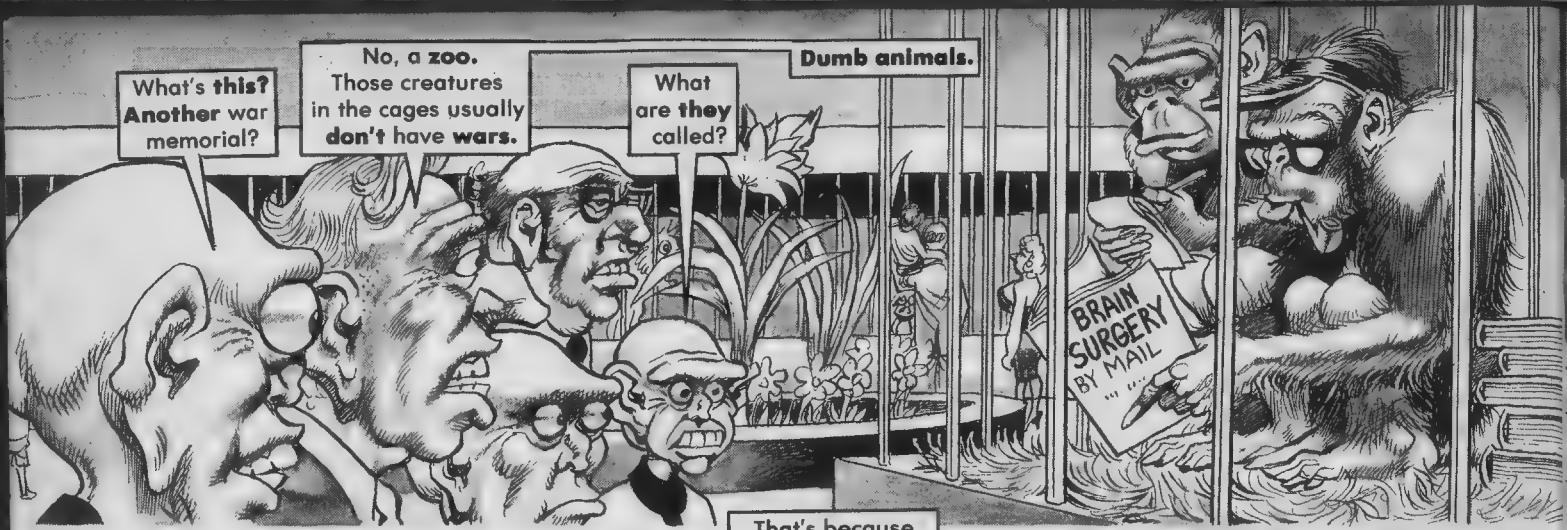


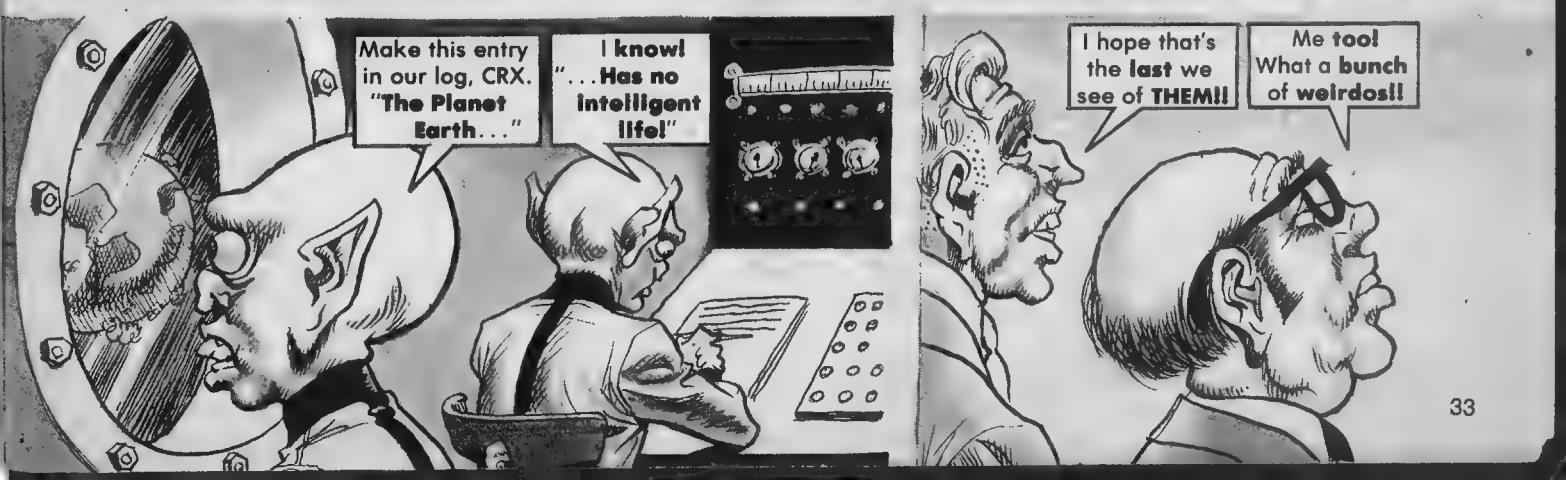
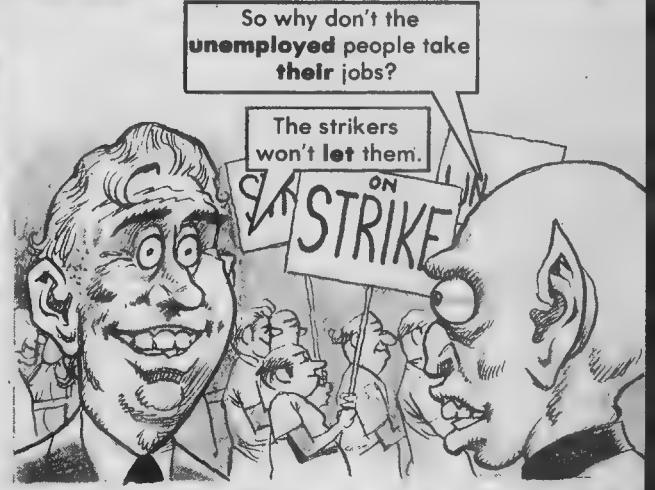
REMEMBER—Add 40¢ mailing and handling charge for EACH selection you have made.

Lots of people claim they've seen UFO's, but so far there isn't any "hard" evidence that those strange craft have landed anywhere. But that doesn't mean they won't...some day. If it happens, what will our visitors from outer space think of us? Here's what might actually take place

# IF UFO'S EVER DO LAND







# A MODERN PARENT VS. A TRADITIONAL PARENT

## MODERN

### FOOD

What would you like for dinner? . . . Chicken? . . . Or if you don't want chicken, Mummy could run out and get you a pizza . . . or maybe . . .



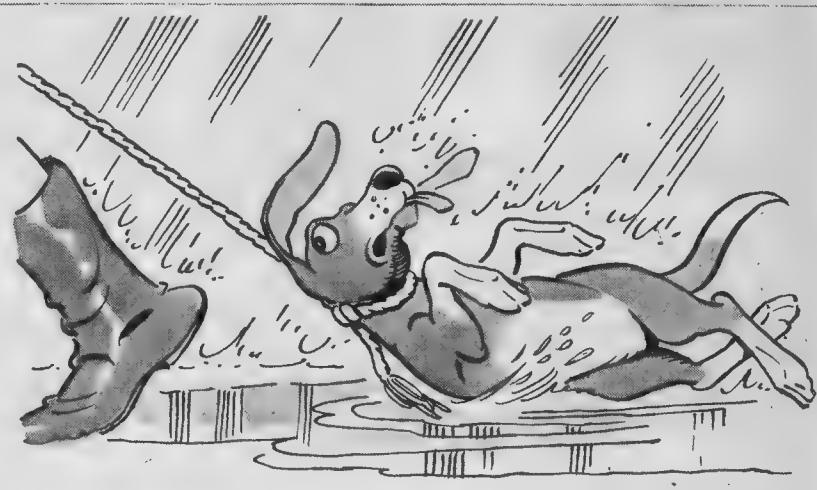
## TRADITIONAL

Chicken! . . . Blah . . . I'm not in the mood for chicken!

Does this put you more in the mood for it?



### PETS



### DRESS

Like my outfit, Hether?

It's really with-it mom—but do you think it's the right thing to wear to Kenny's confirmation?

Alleen Stoffer



Do you think it's too daring for the party?

## RELIGION

What are we? Well, we're **members of a tiny religious sect** who believe that the earth will probably end on **Tuesday**.

We're **Quakers**.

Does that mean all we're allowed to eat are **oats**?



## MONEY

Having a drawing to see which 3 of our 22 credit card bills we're gonna pay this month.

What are you doing?



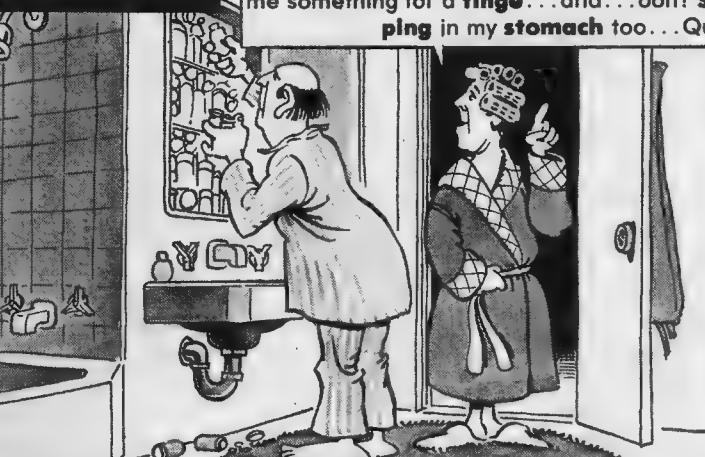
Sorry, **Charlene**, but we're still \$12 short. A few more months of quarters into the piggy marked "4-eyes" and you'll have them.

## MEDICINE

Harry! I feel a tinge in my head... Quick! Quick! Give me something for a tinge... and... ooh! Something for a ping in my stomach too... Quick!

Can I get you something for that pain?

It's not that (ugh) bad (ooh) dear. Wait until it's absolutely (ugh) necessary.



## FURNITURE

Mommy, do we gotta have this plastic on the couches?

It's for protection! What are we made of... money?... Get new things every year!!! And don't eat in the living room!

Why not?

You wanna spill something and spoil the plastic covers?



We just got it this morning—it's by a French designer and it cost a fortune. Come on in. Sit down.

I'd love to—only, one question. Which ones are they?



## MARRIAGE

I just wanna thank all of you for coming to my 10th wedding anniversary. Throughout the years, I've had 9 wonderful husbands and I'm hoping that with this, the anniversary of my 10th, maybe we can make a go of it and last even a whole month!

Happy 23rd Anniversary!!  
Are you surprised?

I'll say—it's not until next month.

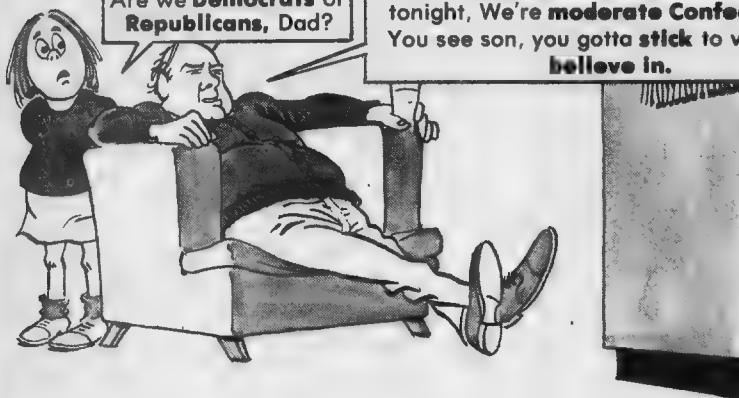


## POLITICS

Are we Democrats or Republicans, Dad?

Well son, last week we were liberal Republicans. At the beginning of this week we were conservative Democrats and, tonight, We're moderate Confederates. You see son, you gotta stick to what you believe in.

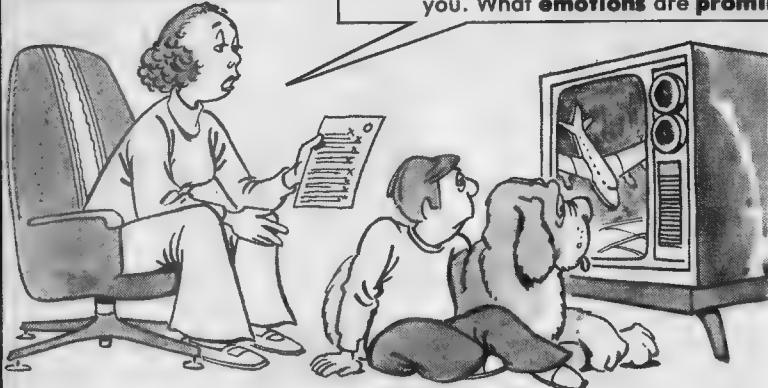
Gimmie that, you little traitor. My father was a Democrat, I'm a democrat and you're gonna be a Democrat, Frankie, whether you like it or not!



## SCHOOLING

Why, Zorrol! You got a zero on this test. Wanna talk about it?... Wanna describe to me what's going on inside you. What emotions are prominent in your...

I think so. He's making me stay in my room until I'm 34.



## NAMES

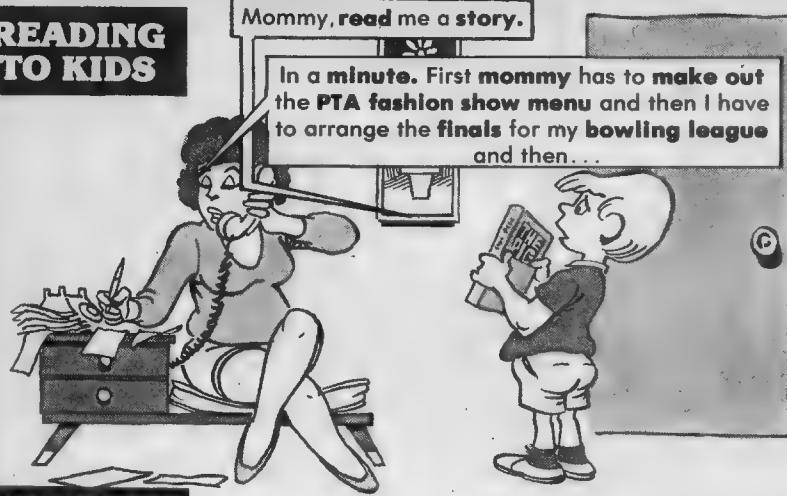
And this is my daughter Joellen and my sons, Bollini and Timb...with a 'b'.

What did you name him?

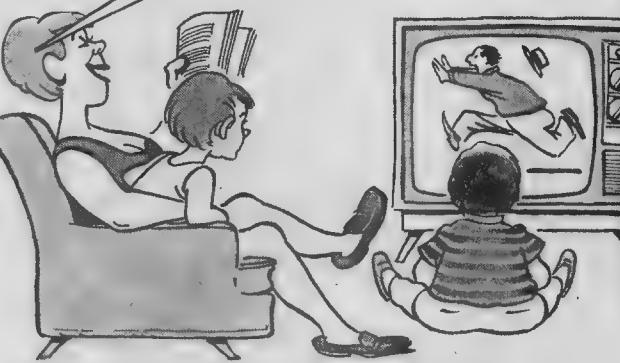
Frank Jr.—like his father.



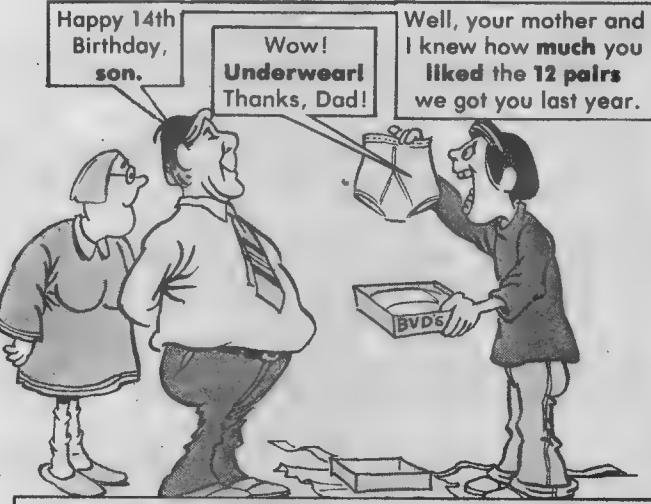
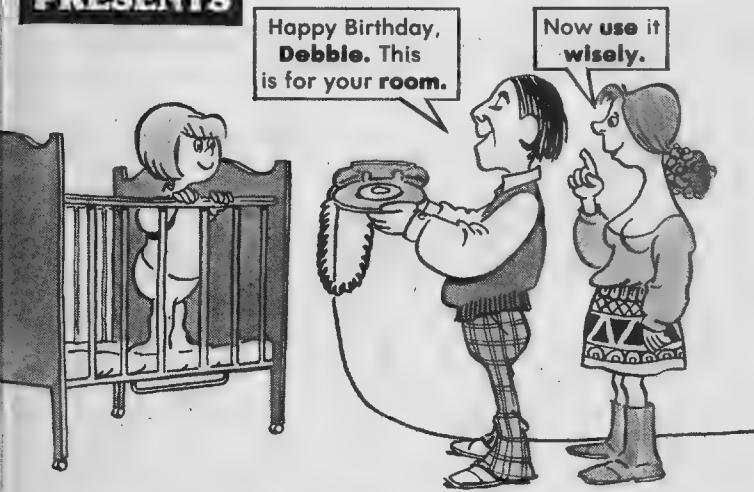
## READING TO KIDS



And the wolf said to the gingerbread man, "You can run, you can run, as fast as you can, but I'll..."



## PRESENTS



## HOLIDAYS



There's a chair empty! Why isn't Frankie Jr. here with the rest of the family for our holiday dinner?

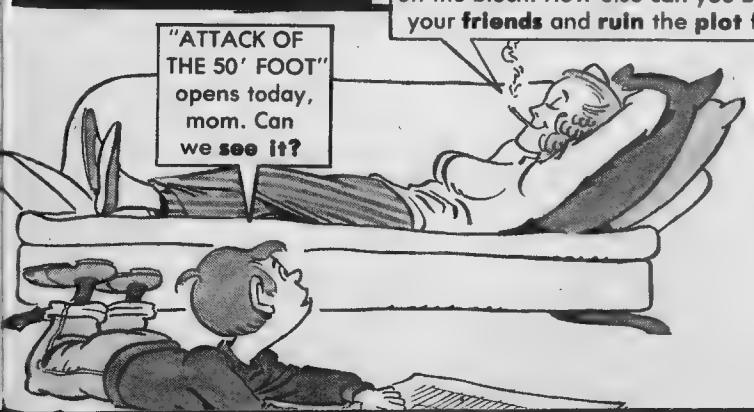
He's in the army, Dad.

I don't care. He should have pleaded for a furlough to be with his family for the holidays.

But Dad—it's only Ground Hog's Day.



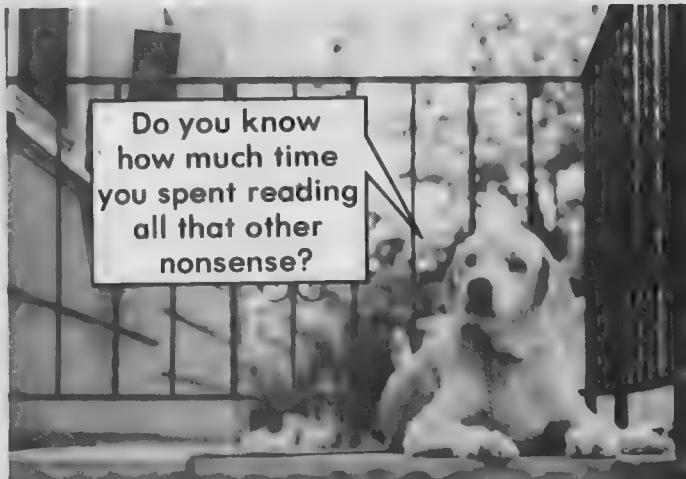
## ENTERTAINMENT



Of course! You've got to be the first one on the block. How else can you brag to all your friends and ruin the plot for them.



# A DOG'S DAY AFTERNOON



A resort where robots catered to the fantasies of vacationing guests was the theme of a popular movie called "Westworld." A few years later, the same idea burst upon the television scene. In television's ever-undying quest for original material, the people in the Industry thought this was a uniquely inspired move. (These were the people in the fishing line, tackle & hook industries.) After all, the big difference in the television version was that the robots were eliminated, and the remaining parts to be played were filled in by run-of-the-mill TV actors. Given the acting ability of most of these performers, however, this difference could hardly be noticed in...

# FUNNIEST ISLAND



Clevair, Boss! You made heem theenk he ees not such a weakling when you faked your hand being hurt.

What faked? My hand is **totally squeeshed!**  
Ohh, that smarts!

Ah, eet ees the well-known feminist, Gloria Staynumb! We are glad to have you on Fonniest Island, Miss Staynumb!

I see... Mrs. Staynumb!

Miss?  
How do you know I'm not married?

No, no, not Mrs. Staynumb either! Is this fair? When you address a **man**, do you distinguish whether he is married or not?

IF I KISS YOU, WILL YOU REALLY TURN INTO A HAND-SOME PRINCE?

REEBIT!

Please forgeeze ze boss, Ms. Staynumb! Living **away from normal life** on zis island, he does get behind ze times a bit!

You are such a pretty lady... I wish your fantasy was "Snow White and ze Dwarf!"

Don't you mean "Snow White and the **Seven Dwarfs**?"

Forgeeve Tartar, Meez Staynumb... he ees only doing the "cute lady-killer" bit that our viewers love!

And you said your **boss** was behind the times? Don't you know it's not "dwarf" or "midget" anymore, buster? The fashionable term today is "little people!"

"Leetle people?" Eef he ees a "leetle person", what am I?

A big, stupid, dopey and chauvinistic person!

As we agreed, my fantasy is to go back to the days of Sherwood Forest—in the times when **men** were almost **totally in controll** I want to be sort of an "avenger", giving the women of those times **hope** and showing the men that women could be more than their equals! Leading a band of outlaw women, I will naturally be known as...

LOOK!  
SKY-WRITING!

"Robiness Hood!"

Why must you add "ess" to make something female? Besides, "Robin" is a feminine name!

GEORGE, YOU COME DOWN OUT OF THAT TREE AND PUT THIS ON!!

Of course... I meant "Robin Hoodess"!

I'm glad you're finally treating her as an **equal**, Boss! When she hit you, you did ze same theeng you would have done if a **MAN** hit you... mainly, **take your punishment and not fight back!**

Shut up, you leetle runt!

CRACKED is taking a rope to school because you want it to be taut!

Can I really beat up anyone I want, and can you arrange for a real boxer to fight me this evening?

Yes, but beware, Meester Spineless... What truly counts is not the amount of **strength** a person has, but his **personaleety**, his **deesposition**...

Oh, dear, perhaps I've made a mistake Mr. Rogue. Please make a change...

Ah, you have reealized the folly of your deezire?

No, just change the fight to this afternoon! I can't wait to (hee hee) pulverize this poor brute!

We must rescue a member of our band—she's scheduled to be **hanged** at 2:05 by the Sheriff of Nothing-dom!

We should be **very, very careful**, or else the Sheriff might capture us too! At 2 o'clock, 5 minutes before the hanging, everyone will meet at the Central Park Zoo.

Central Park Zoo? Isn't that 5,500 miles away in New York City?

I told you, we have to be very careful!

NEXT TIME I GO ON VACATION, I PICK DISNEYLAND!

Uh... that's a good start! Just remember, aim a little **HIGHER** next time!

TWO

You must be Robin Hood. We're your band of "**Weary Women**"! I'm **Friar Toots**, this is **Little Joan** and at the end there is your loving **sweetheart**—think of him as the counterpart of "**Maid Marion**"!

But that's a butler!

You rang, mawdam?

In order to save her, you must **split the rope** with an arrow.

W-what? I never used a bow and arrow before.

Don't worry, you're on **Funniest Island**! Mr. Rogue knows you're playing Robin Hood, and he's arranged for you to be the **favorite marksman** in these parts.

Is that a fact?

Well, truthfully, my favorite is **Groucho**, and Little Joan here feels **Harpo's** the best!

Mr. Rogue, I'm just having a **ball**, playing Robin Hood and I'm planning on coming to Funniest Island on my next vacation, with a brand new fantasy!

Fine! Remember, **anytheeng** is possible on Fonniest Island, where your wildest dreams come true!

I wanna be **World Ruler**, with two billion slaves ready to heed my **every bidding**!

ARENA

Like I was saying, almost anytheeng is possible on Fonniest Island!

MY FANTASY IS TO BE A CHILD PRODIGY!

Please don't bite your nails so much, Meester Spineless. How would we give your stomach a manicure? Don't worry, I'm certain you can lick heem with only one hand!

**Most assured-ly!** But first, you must ask heem if he ees weeling to fight you with only one hand!

I - I... I can?

Mr. Rogue... I was just w-wondering... how did you round up this huge audience?

You forget, Meester Spineless... you are not the only one on this island with a fantasy! You won't believe how many people pay good vacation money to have their fantasies of being a **boxing spectator** finally come true!

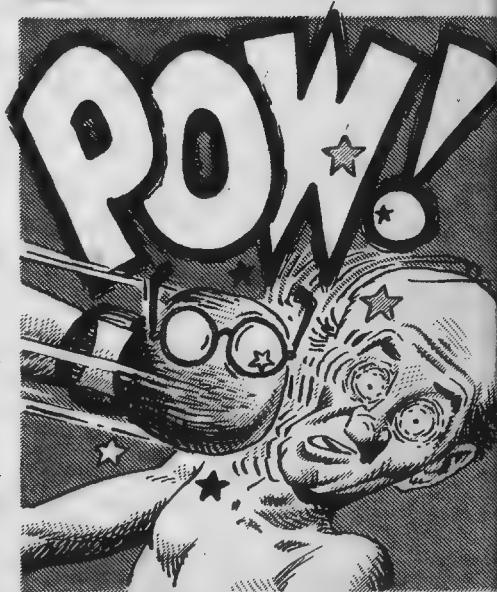
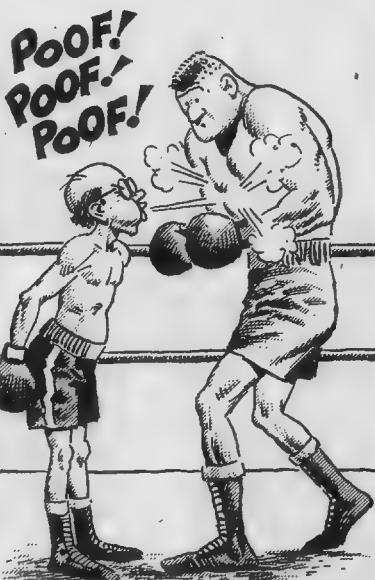
Oh dear! What in incredible coincidence to have **thousands** of these people at one time!

Actually, all except 4 are hired through the **Screen Extras Guild!** Weeth those **union wages** to deal weeth, how my island continues to exceed only my accountant knows!

**BLONG!**

Oh dear! T-there's the b-bell! Perhaps we should settle this f-fight in the letters page of **The News!**

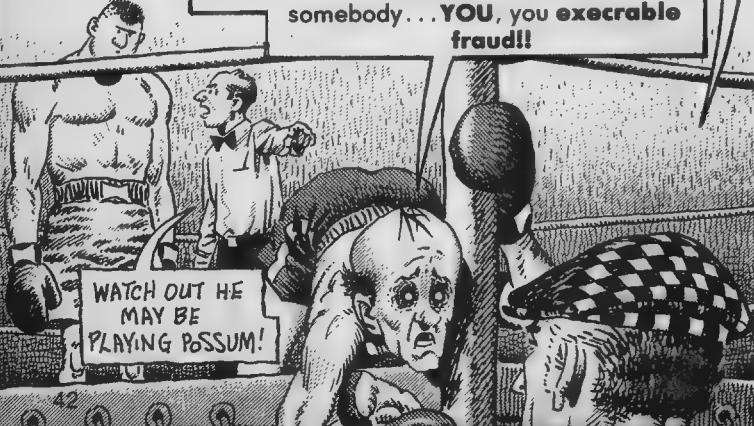
No, Meester Spineless! Remember, you **cannot lose!** Just geeve him blow after blow!



I... I thought you said I couldn't lose!

In your best eenterest, I had to geeve you a **meestruth!** Perhaps now you weel realize your fantasy was best left **unfulfeeled**. You see, Meester Spineless, I wanted to show you your brains are all that matters. As long as you are able to **theenk**, you musn't feel a need to beat up **anybody!**

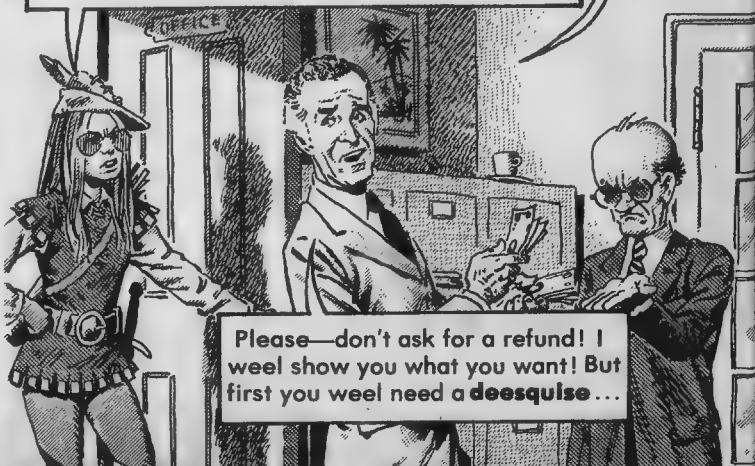
But I do feel a need to beat up somebody... **YOU**, you execrable fraud!!



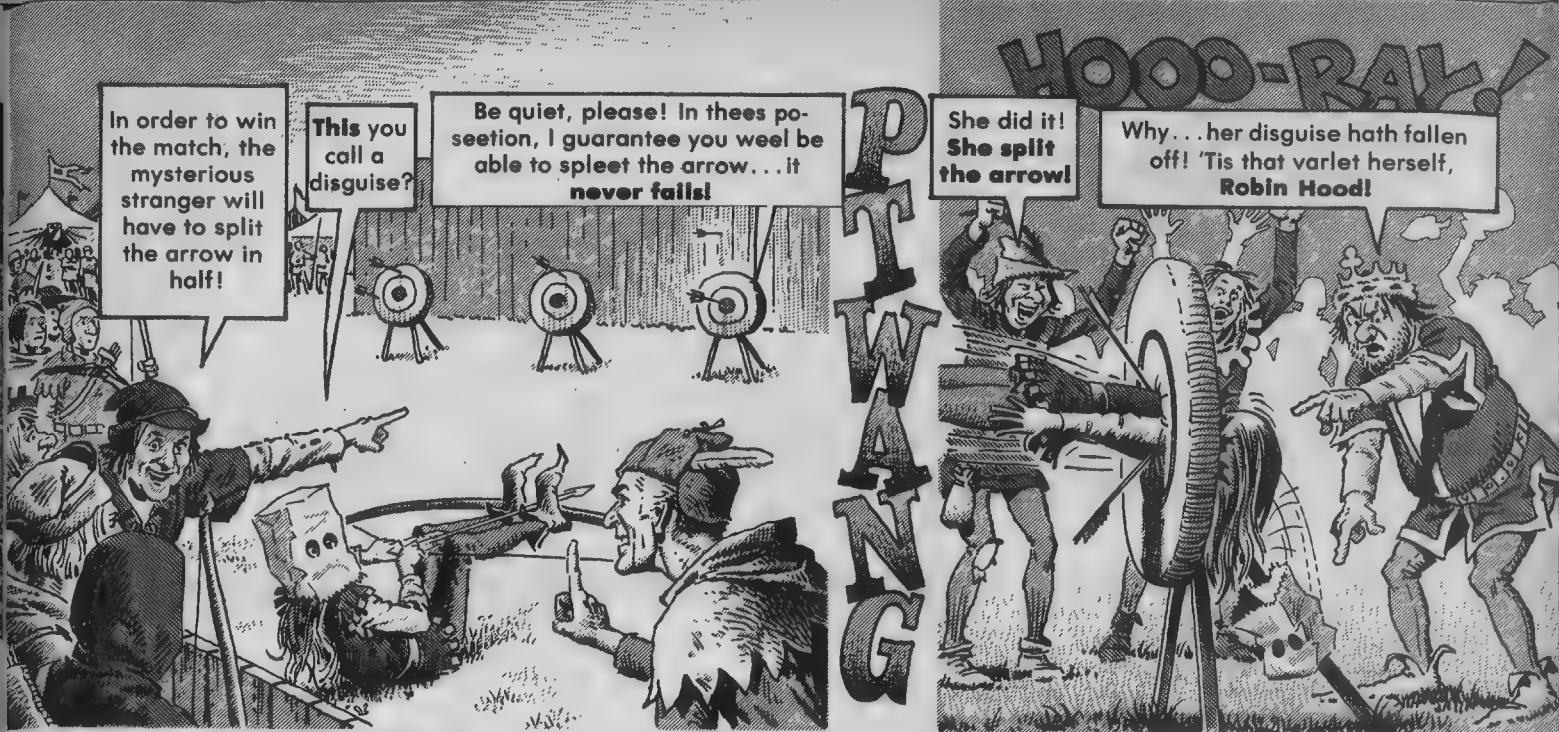
Mr. Rogue, I demand my money back!

Oh no! Not you too!

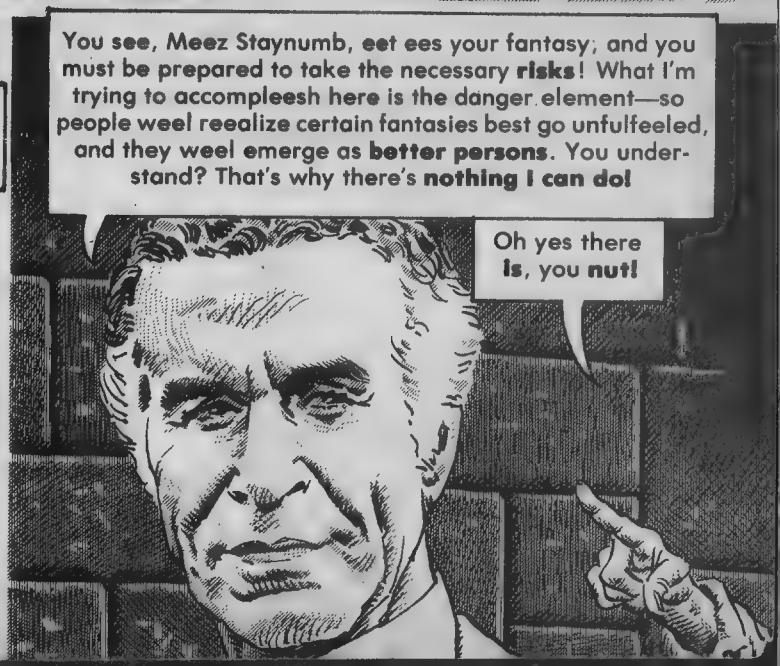
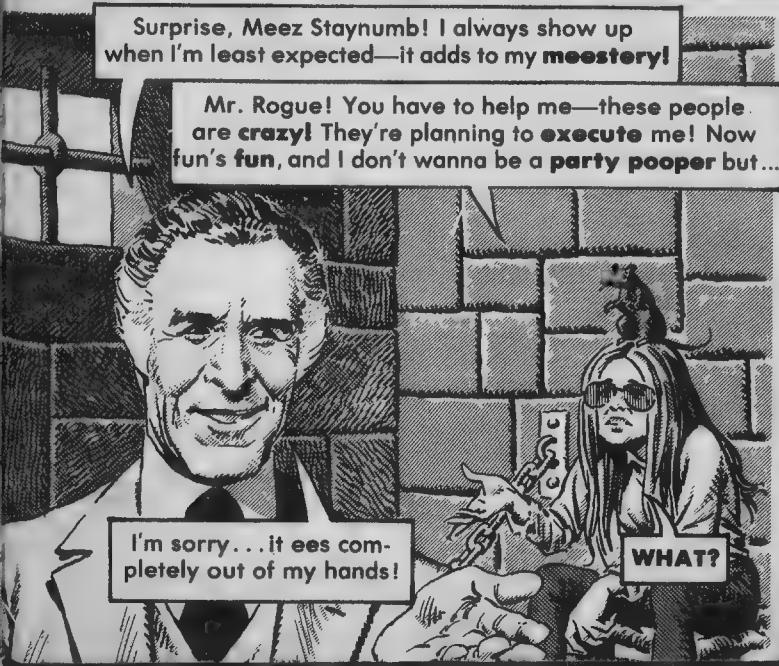
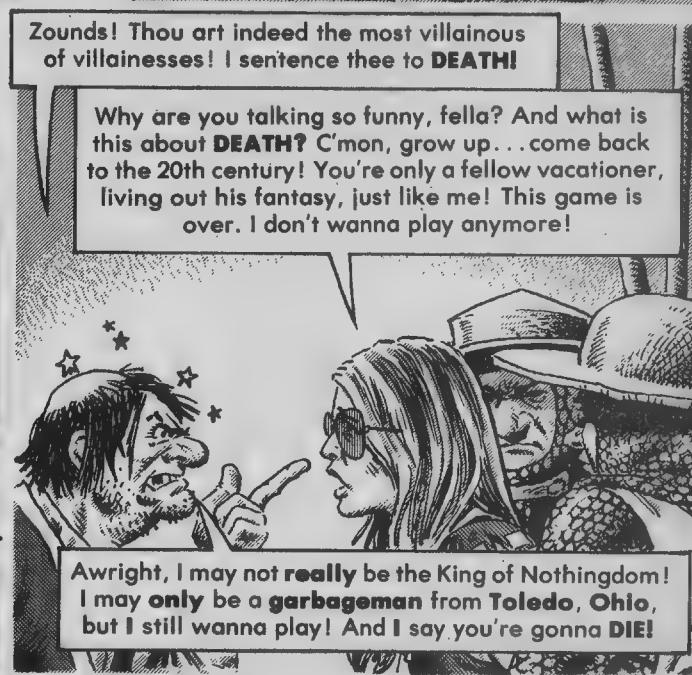
You've failed to live up to your part in my fantasy! As Robin Hood, I'm supposed to compete in the King's **private archery match**... but I can't hit anything.



Please—don't ask for a refund! I weel show you what you want! But first you weel need a **deesquise**...



Panel 2: King and Queen are in a castle. King says he wants to speak to the women of Nothingdom about equal opportunity.



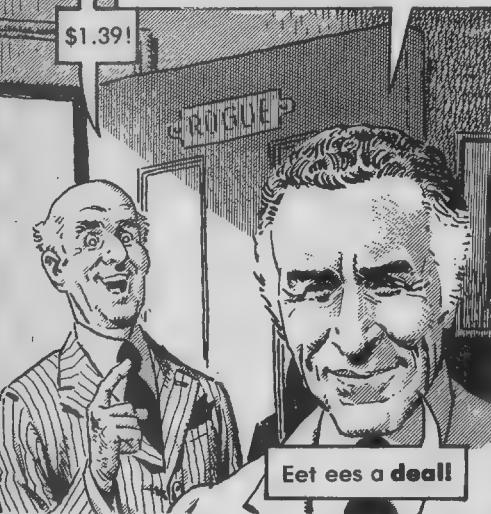
**BACK! BACK!**  
Or the Boss  
gets it!

(Gasp) Do as she says... thees  
woman has a **strong head**  
... and (choke), an **arm** to  
match!



Mr. Rogue, is it possible  
to have another fantasy?

Remember—you pay in advance,  
what you can **afford!** How much  
can you afford?



Eet ees a deal!

I want to know what it is  
to be a **millionaire**.

That can be arranged... we can  
provide the ideal setting, surround  
you weeth all sorts of  
extravagant...

Nah, that'll be all **phony**.  
It won't work!

Well, what do you suggest?



Give me a million dollars!

More like eye to **kneel**!

Tartar, thees ees the end! We're  
cleaned out, Fonniest Island is **feen-**  
**ished!** Oh, I'd give **anytheeng** to be  
able to stay!

Don't worry, Boss! My life's  
savings can take care of our  
debt! But in ordair for you  
to have zis money, you must  
grant me my fantasy!



Anytheeng, just **name** it, Tar-  
tar, my wonderful leetle friend!

The plane!  
The pl-a-ane!

Not plane, Rogue,  
you little idiot  
... playeen!



Yes, Boss!  
Sorry, Boss!



**TH'END**

**Greetings!** This is **Nancy Dickering** welcoming you to the last few pages of **CRACKED** where this month I'll be poking into something **everyone** has, but **nobody** wants—except the man you're about to meet when

# CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE GARBAGE KING



So, tell me sir,  
why is there  
so much garbage  
in the world  
today?

Well, one reason  
is because  
things are so  
overpackaged.



For example, here's a typical MacDaniels lunch for one. You've got a wrapper around the burger which is placed in a box, a container for the fries, a cup, a lid, a straw—paper around the straw, a napkin, a placemat... all of which is split up into two bags!!

Amazing. All that  
for one person?!!

And that's discounting the  
biggest garbage of all.



Before you hinted at a **second reason** for so much rubbish.  
What would that be?

The lack of pride that  
people take in making  
things.

Look at the stuff we find on  
people's curbs. Over there—a  
2-year-old T.V.



How did you  
get into  
garbage?

Well, I was born of **poor parents**—out  
of work—no money. We lived in a  
cardboard box behind a bus station.

Must have  
been terrible  
when it rained.

It was. The house  
got all soggy.



Well, one day I was walking  
down a road when I spotted an  
ice cream stick. And I said to  
myself, "Self, that doesn't  
belong there." So I picked it up  
and a man watching, rewarded  
me with 3¢.



Well, several weeks later I saw an orange pit, picked that up and another man rewarded me. Months later I figured, why not do it as a living? So, I bought a truck and before I knew it, I owned 750,000 and the business you see here today.

Yeah, that's what I thought when the PR department brought it to me.

You mean it isn't true???

Ah...NO!

O.K., give me the real version.

I inherited the company from my father—but the climb up was tough. I had to drive a truck for nearly a week before he promoted me to President.

Can you explain to my readers just how your business works?

Certainly. For a small fee charged to a city or private individual, my men go in and do a thorough job of picking up anything left on your curb.

Ah, Mr. Refuse, they're ripping out that fire hydrant over there.

See, I told you they do a thorough job.

Moving along. From the streets, the litter is driven to one of my landfill sites where it's buried by experts.

It's my understanding that we're running out of places like that to discard our trash.

Correct. And that's why my men are constantly scouting for new places to dump the junk we collect. By the way, you wouldn't happen to have a spare room at your house that you're not using?

O.K. RED, DUMP. THE MAIL TRUCK'S GONE!

I'm afraid not.

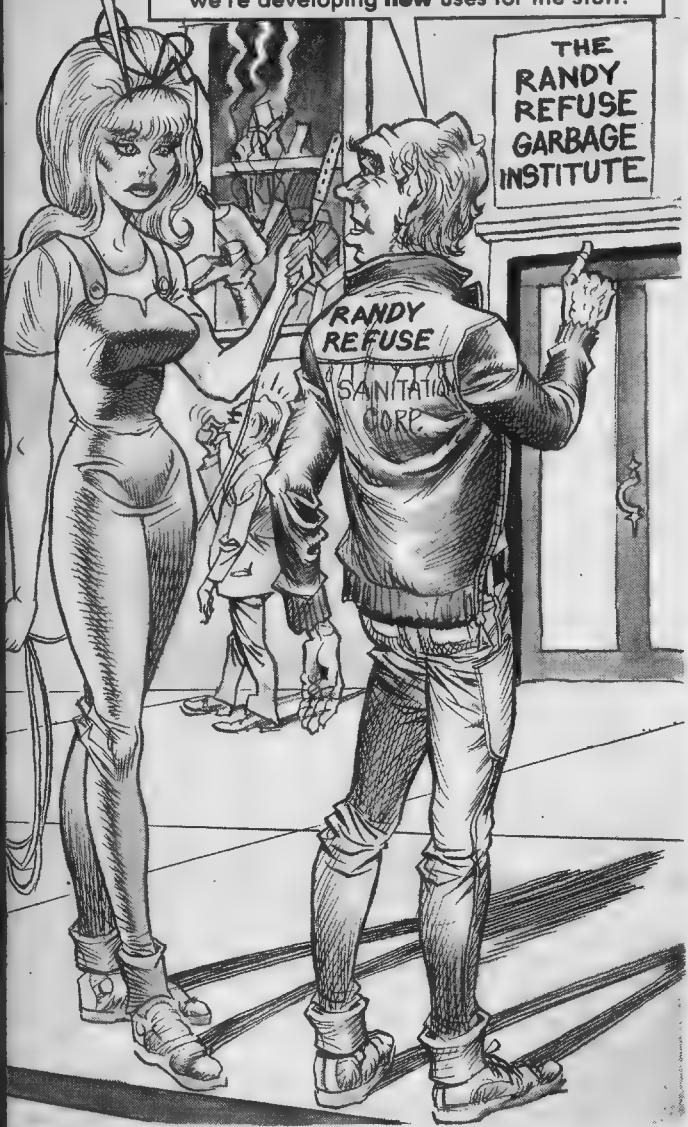
And the search goes on.

U.S. MAIL

Which brings us to an interesting question. What do we do, Mr. Refuse, once we run out of landfill sites.

Well, over at RRGI... What's that?

The Randy Refuse Garbage Institute—there we're developing new uses for the stuff.



Daily, we're experimenting with turning garbage into fuel.

You mean one day I might throw my trash into my tank?!!

Precisely. Right now, however, we're having a few problems.

Like?



Like flies. These garbage-powered cars seem to attract them like crazy.



Which fuel do you think will get better mileage—the low lead I'm using now or your experimental high test?

Your gas is as good as mine!



Now over here, we're attempting to convert trash into an edible substance that teenagers should love.

Why's that? It's real junk food!



I gather  
that  
**garbage**  
**fascinates**  
you.

Oh, it does. For example, did you know that you could **pinpoint** almost exactly the **personality of a person** just by looking at his trash?

Really?

Come on.  
I'll show you.

**Just picking a can at random  
what do you see there?**

A  
mess.

True. But in that mess we find that he likes donuts, enjoys the theater...

Probably has a **baby**...

**And is tall, strong and  
hates people going  
through his garbage.**

## What indicates that to you?

**His face. He's standing right behind you.**

Sorry,  
sir.

A black and white illustration depicting a scene of escape. On the left, a chef in a toque and apron carries a tray with a dish that appears to be a mix of meat and vegetables. He has a determined expression. In the center, a woman with long, wavy hair tied back in a ponytail is running to the right. She is wearing a bikini top and shorts. She looks back over her shoulder with a mix of concern and defiance, shouting, "Really?" and "Come on. I'll show you". To the right, a man with a mustache and a tattered, button-down vest is also running, looking back over his shoulder. He is holding a small object in his right hand. The background is simple, showing some vertical lines suggesting a wall or a window frame.

A black and white comic panel. A woman with a bow in her hair, wearing a bikini top and pants, stands on the right, holding a hose and spraying water on a man who is crouching on the floor, holding a large trash can. The man has a grumpy expression. A speech bubble from the woman contains the text: "What Indicates that to you?" The floor has a "GO" sign and a "Playbill" magazine.

A black and white comic panel. In the center, a woman with long, wavy hair is kneeling on the floor, looking up at a large, muscular man standing over her. The man has a stern, almost grumpy expression, with his hands on his hips. He is wearing a light-colored, button-down shirt and trousers. A speech bubble from the woman says "Sorry, sir." A text box above her says "His face. He's standing right behind you." In the foreground, a barrel on the floor has a small sign that says "Payroll". There are also some coins scattered on the floor.

Well, aside from nearly being beaten to a pulp by a 250 lb. hockey player, it's been a fascinating afternoon Mr. Refuse, and I guess that's about it.

Thank you for coming, Nanny—oh, let me throw  
that **gum wrapper** away for you.

How kind.

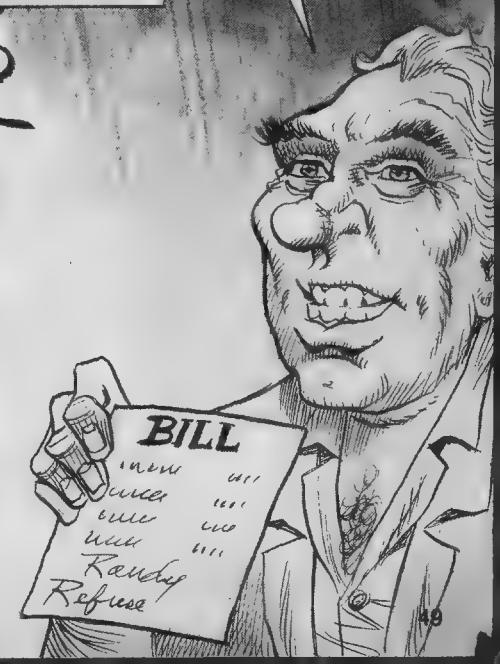
And this is Nanny Dickering saying . . .

Here you go. What's that?  
My bill for trash removal.

**You charged me for throwing  
that gum wrapper away???**

Well, you didn't think I was doing it to be nice, did you? It's my business!

Ah, folks, you wanna **move on** to the **Shut-Ups?** I don't think the next words out of my mouth are gonna be **Ta Ta...Now, about this bill.** you little **con artist...**



# SHUT-UPS



Your Honor, I object to this line of questioning!

SHUT-UP! It's the only way I'll get this crook to talk!

Doctor, you must come over right away... it's a matter of life or death!

SHUT-UP, lady!  
I don't make house calls!

I just love this store!  
There are so many wonderful things; I just don't know where to begin!

SHUT-UP, lady! Come with me to the manager's office!



PROTECTED BY  
THIS ROOM

WARNING

# GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORTS

BONGO, CONGO

AUGUST 4

1837



MOMODOU OBUDA  
INVENTS THE 100 YARD DASH.

**WARNING  
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